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# CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—V.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

SUSY'S remark about my strong language troubles me, and I must go back to it. All through the first ten years of my married life I kept a constant and discreet watch upon my tongue while in the house, and went outside and to a distance when circumstances were too much for me and I was obliged to seek relief. I prized my wife's respect and approval above all the rest of the human race's respect and approval. I dreaded the day when she should discover that I was but a whited sepulchre partly freighted with suppressed language. I was so careful, during ten years, that I had not a doubt that my suppressions had been suc-

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cessful. Therefore I was quite as happy in my guilt as I could have been if I had been innocent.

But at last an accident exposed me. I went into the bath-room one morning to make my toilet, and carelessly left the door two or three inches ajar. It was the first time that I had ever failed to take the precaution of closing it tightly. I knew the necessity of being particular about this, because shaving was always a trying ordeal for me, and I could seldom carry it through to a finish without verbal helps. Now this time I was unprotected, but did not suspect it. I had no extraordinary trouble with my razor on this occasion, and was able to worry through with mere mutterings and growlings of an improper sort, but with nothing noisy or emphatic about them—no snapping and barking. Then I put on a shirt. My shirts are an invention of my own. They open in the back, and are buttoned there—when there are buttons. This time the button was missing. My temper jumped up several degrees in a moment, and my remarks rose accordingly, both in loudness and vigor of expression. But I was not troubled, for the bath-room door was a solid one and I supposed it was firmly closed. I flung up the window and threw the shirt out. It fell upon the shrubbery where the people on their way to church could admire it if they wanted to; there was merely fifty feet of grass between the shirt and the passer-by. Still rumbling and thundering distantly, I put on another shirt. Again the button was absent. I augmented my language to meet the emergency, and threw that shirt out of the window. I was too angry—too insane—to examine the third shirt, but put it furiously on. Again the button was absent, and that shirt followed its comrades out of the window. Then I straightened up, gathered my reserves, and let myself go like a cavalry charge. In the midst of that great assault, my eye fell upon that gaping door, and I was paralyzed.

It took me a good while to finish my toilet. I extended the time unnecessarily in trying to make up my mind as to what I would best do in the circumstances. I tried to hope that Mrs. Clemens was asleep, but I knew better. I could not escape by the window. It was narrow, and suited only to shirts. At last I made up my mind to boldly loaf through the bedroom with the air of a person who had not been doing anything. I made half the journey successfully. I did not turn my eyes in her

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direction, because that would not be safe. It is very difficult to look as if you have not been doing anything when the facts are the other way, and my confidence in my performance oozed steadily out of me as I went along. I was aiming for the left-hand door because it was furthest from my wife. It had never been opened from the day that the house was built, but it seemed a blessed refuge for me now. The bed was this one, wherein I am lying now, and dictating these histories morning after morning with so much serenity. It was this same old elaborately carved black Venetian bedstead—the most comfortable bedstead that ever was, with space enough in it for a family, and carved angels enough surmounting its twisted columns and its headboard and footboard to bring peace to the sleepers, and pleasant dreams. I had to stop in the middle of the room. I hadn't the strength to go on. I believed that I was under accusing eyes—that even the carved angels were inspecting me with an unfriendly gaze. You know how it is when you are convinced that somebody behind you is looking steadily at you. You *have* to turn your face—you can't help it. I turned mine. The bed was placed as it is now, with the foot where the head ought to be. If it had been placed as it should have been, the high headboard would have sheltered me. But the footboard was no sufficient protection, for I could be seen over it. I was exposed. I was wholly without protection. I turned, because I couldn't help it—and my memory of what I saw is still vivid, after all these years.

Against the white pillows I saw the black head—I saw that young and beautiful face; and I saw the gracious eyes with a something in them which I had never seen there before. They were snapping and flashing with indignation. I felt myself crumbling; I felt myself shrinking away to nothing under that accusing gaze. I stood silent under that desolating fire for as much as a minute, I should say—it seemed a very, very long time. Then my wife's lips parted, and from them issued—*my latest bath-room remark.* The language perfect, but the expression velvety, unpractical, apprenticelike, ignorant, inexperienced, comically inadequate, absurdly weak and unsuited to the great language. In my lifetime I had never heard anything so out of tune, so inharmonious, so incongruous, so ill-suited to each other as were those mighty words set to that feeble music. I tried to keep from laughing, for I was a guilty person in deep

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need of charity and mercy. I tried to keep from bursting, and I succeeded—until she gravely said, "There, now you know how it sounds."

Then I exploded; the air was filled with my fragments, and you could hear them whiz. I said, "Oh Livy, if it sounds like *that* I will never do it again!"

Then she had to laugh herself. Both of us broke into convulsions, and went on laughing until we were physically exhausted and spiritually reconciled.

The children were present at breakfast—Clara aged six and Susy eight—and the mother made a guarded remark about strong language; guarded because she did not wish the children to suspect anything—a guarded remark which censured strong language. Both children broke out in one voice with this comment, "Why, mamma, papa uses it!"

I was astonished. I had supposed that that secret was safe in my own breast, and that its presence had never been suspected. I asked,

"How did you know, you little rascals?"

"Oh," they said, "we often listen over the balusters when you are in the hall explaining things to George."

*From Susy's Biography.*

One of papa's latest books is "The Prince and the Pauper" and it is unquestionably the best book he has ever written, some people want him to keep to his old style, some gentleman wrote him, "I enjoyed Huckleberry Finn immensely and am glad to see that you have returned to your old style." That enoyed me that enoyed me greatly, because it trobles me [Susy was troubled by that word, and uncertain; she wrote a *u* above it in the proper place, but reconsidered the matter and struck it out] to have so few people know papa, I mean realy know him, they think of Mark Twain as a humorist joking at everything; "And with a mop of reddish brown hair which sorely needs the barbars brush a roman nose, short stubby mustache, a sad careworn face, with maney crow's feet" etc. That is the way people picture papa, I have wanted papa to write a book that would reveal something of his kind sympathetic nature, and "The Prince and the Pauper" partly does it. The book is full of lovely charming ideas, and oh the language! It is *perfect.* I think that one of the most touching scenes in it, is where the pauper is riding on horseback with his nobles in the "recognition procession" and he sees his mother oh and then what followed! How she runs to his side, when she sees him throw up his hand palm outward, and is rudely pushed off by one of the King's officers, and then how the little pauper's conseince

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troubles him when he remembers the shameful words that were falling from his lips, when she was turned from his side "I know you not woman" and how his grandeurs were stricken valueless, and his pride consumed to ashes. It is a wonderfully beautiful and touching little scene, and papa has described it so wonderfully. I never saw a man with so much variety of feeling as papa has; now the "Prince and the Pauper" is full of touching places; but there is most always a streak of humor in them somewhere. Now in the coronation—in the stirring coronation, just after the little king has got his crown back again papa brings that in about the Seal, where the pauper says he used the Seal "to crack nuts with." Oh it is so funny and nice! Papa very seldom writes a passage without some humor in it somewhere, and I dont think he ever will.

The children always helped their mother to edit my books in manuscript. She would sit on the porch at the farm and read aloud, with her pencil in her hand, and the children would keep an alert and suspicious eye upon her right along, for the belief was well grounded in them that whenever she came across a particularly satisfactory passage she would strike it out. Their suspicions were well founded. The passages which were so satisfactory to them always had an element of strength in them which sorely needed modification or expurgation, and were always sure to get it at their mother's hand. For my own entertainment, and to enjoy the protests of the children, I often abused my editor's innocent confidence. I often interlarded remarks of a studied and felicitously atrocious character purposely to achieve the children's brief delight, and then see the remorseless pencil do its fatal work. I often joined my supplications to the children's for mercy, and strung the argument out and pretended to be in earnest. They were deceived, and so was their mother. It was three against one, and most unfair. But it was very delightful, and I could not resist the temptation. Now and then we gained the victory and there was much rejoicing. Then I privately struck the passage out myself. It had served its purpose. It had furnished three of us with good entertainment, and in being removed from the book by me it was only suffering the fate originally intended for it.

*From Susy's Biography.*

Papa was born in Missouri. His mother is Grandma Clemens (Jane Lampton Clemens) of Kentucky. Grandpa Clemens was of the F.F.V's of Virginia.

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Without doubt it was I that gave Susy that impression. I cannot imagine why, because I was never in my life much impressed by grandeurs which proceed from the accident of birth. I did not get this indifference from my mother. She was always strongly interested in the ancestry of the house. She traced her own line back to the Lambtons of Durham, England—a family which had been occupying broad lands there since Saxon times. I am not sure, but I think that those Lambtons got along without titles of nobility for eight or nine hundred years, then produced a great man, three-quarters of a century ago, and broke into the peerage. My mother knew all about the Clemenses of Virginia, and loved to aggrandize them to me, but she has long been dead. There has been no one to keep those details fresh in my memory, and they have grown dim.

There was a Jere. Clemens who was a United States Senator, and in his day enjoyed the usual Senatorial fame—a fame which perishes whether it spring from four years' service or forty. After Jere. Clemens's fame as a Senator passed away, he was still remembered for many years on account of another service which he performed. He shot old John Brown's Governor Wise in the hind leg in a duel. However, I am not very clear about this. It may be that Governor Wise shot *him* in the hind leg. However, I don't think it is important. I think that the only thing that is really important is that one of them got shot in the hind leg. It would have been better and nobler and more historical and satisfactory if both of them had got shot in the hind leg—but it is of no use for me to try to recollect history. I never had a historical mind. Let it go. Whichever way it happened I am glad of it, and that is as much enthusiasm as I can get up for a person bearing my name. But I am forgetting the first Clemens—the one that stands furthest back toward the really original *first* Clemens, which was Adam.

*From Susy's Biography.*

Clara and I are sure that papa played the trick on Grandma, about the whipping, that is related in "The Adventures of Tom Sayer"; "Hand me that switch." The switch hovered in the air, the peril was desperate—"My, look behind you Aunt!" The old lady whirled around and snatched her skirts out of danger. The lad fled on the instant, scrambling up the high board fence and dissapeared over it.

Susy and Clara were quite right about that.

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Then Susy says:

> And we know papa played "Hookey" all the time. And how readily would papa pretend to be dying so as not to have to go to school!

These revelations and exposures are searching, but they are just. If I am as transparent to other people as I was to Susy, I have wasted much effort in this life.

> Grandma couldn't make papa go to school, so she let him go into a printing-office to learn the trade. He did so, and gradually picked up enough education to enable him to do about as well as those who were more studious in early life.

It is noticeable that Susy does not get overheated when she is complimenting me, but maintains a proper judicial and biographical calm. It is noticeable, also, and it is to her credit as a biographer, that she distributes compliment and criticism with a fair and even hand.

My mother had a good deal of trouble with me, but I think she enjoyed it. She had none at all with my brother Henry, who was two years younger than I, and I think that the unbroken monotony of his goodness and truthfulness and obedience would have been a burden to her but for the relief and variety which I furnished in the other direction. I was a tonic. I was valuable to her. I never thought of it before, but now I see it. I never knew Henry to do a vicious thing toward me, or toward any one else—but he frequently did righteous ones that cost me as heavily. It was his duty to report me, when I needed reporting and neglected to do it myself, and he was very faithful in discharging that duty. He is "Sid" in "Tom Sawyer." But Sid was not Henry. Henry was a very much finer and better boy than ever Sid was.

It was Henry who called my mother's attention to the fact that the thread with which she had sewed my collar together to keep me from going in swimming, had changed color. My mother would not have discovered it but for that, and she was manifestly piqued when she recognized that that prominent bit of circumstantial evidence had escaped her sharp eye. That detail probably added a detail to my punishment. It is human. We generally visit our shortcomings on somebody else when there is a possible excuse for it—but no matter, I took it out of Henry. There is always compensation for such as are unjustly used. I

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often took it out of him—sometimes as an advance payment for something which I hadn't yet done. These were occasions when the opportunity was too strong a temptation, and I had to draw on the future. I did not need to copy this idea from my mother, and probably didn't. Still she wrought upon that principle upon occasion.

If the incident of the broken sugar-bowl is in "Tom Sawyer" —I don't remember whether it is or not—that is an example of it. Henry never stole sugar. He took it openly from the bowl. His mother knew he wouldn't take sugar when she wasn't looking, but she had her doubts about me. Not exactly doubts, either. She knew very well I *would*. One day when she was not present, Henry took sugar from her prized and precious old English sugar-bowl, which was an heirloom in the family—and he managed to break the bowl. It was the first time I had ever had a chance to tell anything on him, and I was inexpressibly glad. I told him I was going to tell on him, but he was not disturbed. When my mother came in and saw the bowl lying on the floor in fragments, she was speechless for a minute. I allowed that silence to work; I judged it would increase the effect. I was waiting for her to ask "Who did that?"—so that I could fetch out my news. But it was an error of calculation. When she got through with her silence she didn't ask anything about it—she merely gave me a crack on the skull with her thimble that I felt all the way down to my heels. Then I broke out with my injured innocence, expecting to make her very sorry that she had punished the wrong one. I expected her to do something remorseful and pathetic. I told her that I was not the one—it was Henry. But there was no upheaval. She said, without emotion, "It's all right. It isn't any matter. You deserve it for something you've done that I didn't know about; and if you haven't done it, why then you deserve it for something that you are going to do, that I sha'n't hear about."

There was a stairway outside the house, which led up to the rear part of the second story. One day Henry was sent on an errand, and he took a tin bucket along. I knew he would have to ascend those stairs, so I went up and locked the door on the inside, and came down into the garden, which had been newly ploughed and was rich in choice firm clods of black mold. I gathered a generous equipment of these, and ambushed him. I

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waited till he had climbed the stairs and was near the landing and couldn't escape. Then I bombarded him with clods, which he warded off with his tin bucket the best he could, but without much success, for I was a good marksman. The clods smashing against the weather-boarding fetched my mother out to see what was the matter, and I tried to explain that I was amusing Henry. Both of them were after me in a minute, but I knew the way over that high board fence and escaped for that time. After an hour or two, when I ventured back, there was no one around and I thought the incident was closed. But it was not. Henry was ambushing me. With an unusually competent aim for him, he landed a stone on the side of my head which raised a bump there that felt like the Matterhorn. I carried it to my mother straightway for sympathy, but she was not strongly moved. It seemed to be her idea that incidents like this would eventually reform me if I harvested enough of them. So the matter was only educational. I had had a sterner view of it than that, before.

It was not right to give the cat the "Pain-Killer"; I realize it now. I would not repeat it in these days. But in those "Tom Sawyer" days it was a great and sincere satisfaction to me to see Peter perform under its influence—and if actions *do* speak as loud as words, he took as much interest in it as I did. It was a most detestable medicine, Perry Davis's Pain-Killer. Mr. Pavey's negro man, who was a person of good judgment and considerable curiosity, wanted to sample it, and I let him. It was his opinion that it was made of hell-fire.

Those were the cholera days of '49. The people along the Mississippi were paralyzed with fright. Those who could run away, did it. And many died of fright in the flight. Fright killed three persons where the cholera killed one. Those who couldn't flee kept themselves drenched with cholera preventives, and my mother chose Perry Davis's Pain-Killer for me. She was not distressed about herself. She avoided that kind of preventive. But she made me promise to take a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer every day. Originally it was my intention to keep the promise, but at that time I didn't know as much about Pain-Killer as I knew after my first experiment with it. She didn't watch Henry's bottle—she could trust Henry. But she marked my bottle with a pencil, on the label, every day, and examined it

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to see if the teaspoonful had been removed. The floor was not carpeted. It had cracks in it, and I fed the Pain-Killer to the cracks with very good results—no cholera occurred down below.

It was upon one of these occasions that that friendly cat came waving his tail and supplicating for Pain-Killer—which he got—and then went into those hysterics which ended with his colliding with all the furniture in the room and finally going out of the open window and carrying the flower-pots with him, just in time for my mother to arrive and look over her glasses in petrified astonishment and say, "What in the world is the matter with Peter?"

I don't remember what my explanation was, but if it is recorded in that book it may not be the right one.

Whenever my conduct was of such exaggerated impropriety that my mother's extemporary punishments were inadequate, she saved the matter up for Sunday, and made me go to church Sunday night—which was a penalty sometimes bearable, perhaps, but as a rule it was not, and I avoided it for the sake of my constitution. She would never believe that I had been to church until she had applied her test: she made me tell her what the text was. That was a simple matter, and caused me no trouble. I didn't have to go to church to get a text. I selected one for myself. This worked very well until one time when my text and the one furnished by a neighbor, who had been to church, didn't tally. After that my mother took other methods. I don't know what they were now.

In those days men and boys wore rather long cloaks in the winter-time. They were black, and were lined with very bright and showy Scotch plaids. One winter's night when I was starting to church to square a crime of some kind committed during the week, I hid my cloak near the gate and went off and played with the other boys until church was over. Then I returned home. But in the dark I put the cloak on wrong side out, entered the room, threw the cloak aside, and then stood the usual examination. I got along very well until the temperature of the church was mentioned. My mother said,

"It must have been impossible to keep warm there on such a night."

I didn't see the art of that remark, and was foolish enough to explain that I wore my cloak all the time that I was in church.

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She asked if I kept it on from church home, too. I didn't see the bearing of that remark. I said that that was what I had done. She said,

"You wore it in church with that red Scotch plaid outside and glaring? Didn't that attract any attention?"

Of course to continue such a dialogue would have been tedious and unprofitable, and I let it go, and took the consequences.

That was about 1849. Tom Nash was a boy of my own age —the postmaster's son. The Mississippi was frozen across, and he and I went skating one night, probably without permission. I cannot see why we should go skating in the night unless without permission, for there could be no considerable amusement to be gotten out of skating at night if nobody was going to object to it. About midnight, when we were more than half a mile out toward the Illinois shore, we heard some ominous rumbling and grinding and crashing going on between us and the home side of the river, and we knew what it meant—the ice was breaking up. We started for home, pretty badly scared. We flew along at full speed whenever the moonlight sifting down between the clouds enabled us to tell which was ice and which was water. In the pauses we waited; started again whenever there was a good bridge of ice; paused again when we came to naked water and waited in distress until a floating vast cake should bridge that place. It took us an hour to make the trip—a trip which we made in a misery of apprehension all the time. But at last we arrived within a very brief distance of the shore. We waited again; there was another place that needed bridging. All about us the ice was plunging and grinding along and piling itself up in mountains on the shore, and the dangers were increasing, not diminishing. We grew very impatient to get to solid ground, so we started too early and went springing from cake to cake. Tom made a miscalculation, and fell short. He got a bitter bath, but he was so close to shore that he only had to swim a stroke or two —then his feet struck hard bottom and he crawled out. I arrived a little later, without accident. We had been in a drenching perspiration, and Tom's bath was a disaster for him. He took to his bed sick, and had a procession of diseases. The closing one was scarlet-fever, and he came out of it stone deaf. Within a year or two speech departed, of course. But some years later he was taught to talk, after a fashion—one couldn't always make out

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what it was he was trying to say. Of course he could not modulate his voice, since he couldn't hear himself talk. When he supposed he was talking low and confidentially, you could hear him in Illinois.

Four years ago (1902) I was invited by the University of Missouri to come out there and receive the honorary degree of LL.D. I took that opportunity to spend a week in Hannibal—a city now, a village in my day. It had been fifty-three years since Tom Nash and I had had that adventure. When I was at the railway station ready to leave Hannibal, there was a crowd of citizens there. I saw Tom Nash approaching me across a vacant space, and I walked toward him, for I recognized him at once. He was old and white-headed, but the boy of fifteen was still visible in him. He came up to me, made a trumpet of his hands at my ear, nodded his head toward the citizens and said confidentially—in a yell like a fog-horn—

"Same damned fools, Sam!"

*From Susy's Biography.*

Papa was about twenty years old when he went on the Mississippi as a pilot. Just before he started on his tripp Grandma Clemens asked him to promise her on the Bible not to touch intoxicating liquors or swear, and he said "Yes, mother, I will," and he kept that promise seven years when Grandma released him from it.

Under the inspiring influence of that remark, what a garden of forgotten reforms rises upon my sight!

MARK TWAIN.

*(To be Continued.)*

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# CHIEF-JUSTICE CLARK ON THE DEFECTS OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THERE has appeared a notable pamphlet, by the Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, on "Some Defects in the American Constitution." The author's general view is that the defects are derogations from the full democratic ideal, to which he supposes the framers of the Constitution to have been untrue. I cannot help thinking that he carries this theory rather far, and that he is inclined to ascribe to the Fathers an insidious policy which was totally alien to the character of Washington—whose influence, surely, must have been felt on the main questions—and, I should think, of most of those concerned. It is perfectly true that some of them, especially Hamilton, who was the offspring of a Royal dependency, had highly conservative and even monarchical leanings. But though they might have the desire, it would not be easy, I think, to convict them of the design.

The compact with Slavery was clearly wrong and ought never to have found a place in the Constitution. But it had not at the time the anti-democratic force and aspect which, after the invention of the cotton-gin, when Slavery had assumed portentous dimensions and a Southern aristocracy had been formed, it afterwards assumed. Of this defect, the descendants of the Fathers, in the second and third generation, paid the terrible cost.

Equal representation in the Senate of all the States, great and small — of Nevada with its 40,000, and New York with its 8,000,000—is now anti-democratic indeed. It makes the representation of the people of the United States, in the House in which power is now centred, practically less popular than was that of the people in England before the Reform Bill of 1832. In the

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election in which Pitt beat the Fox and North coalition, a hundred and sixty seats in the House of Commons changed hands on a political issue. But the equal representation of all States in the Senate was not an anti-democratic measure; it was a concession to the jealousy of the smaller States, each of which the Revolution had tacitly left sovereign, and which it was hard enough on any terms to coax into union. The defect, however, is undeniably great, since the Senatorships of the small States must be liable to falling under the control of sinister interests, even if they are never actually purchased, as was assumed by the cynic who suggested that they should be sold by public auction and the proceeds carried to the account of the State. In Delaware there appears to have been an attempt at something like direct purchase, baffled only, after a long struggle, by a body of patriotic and honorable men. M. Ostrogorski, in his very instructive work on "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," gives a doleful picture of the decline of the Senate, describing it as mediocre in intelligence, full of sinister influences and interests, and "representing everything save enlightened opinion, to which its members pay not the slightest heed." This he takes to be the work of the caucus. But subjection of the elections in the small States to sinister influence must surely be not less to blame. Election of Senators by the people of the State, if it were substituted for the present mode, as is proposed, would not cure the defect arising from the inequalities of population.

The set of power, away from the House in which the people are fairly represented, to the Senate seems to be the result of defects in the Constitution; of the shortness of the term for which the members of the House are elected, and their moral supersession, during a part even of that short term, by the election of their successors. Added to this is the large membership of the House, while there is no organization corresponding to the Ministerial leadership of the British House of Commons; a defect only in part and somewhat incongruously supplemented by the action of the Speaker, whose proper functions are those of an independent Chairman.

The Supreme Court, the powers of which provoke the Chief Justice's democratic jealousy, was an obvious necessity of the general Constitution, which is that of a nation with a federal structure; the States retaining rights against each other and against

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the federation as a whole, which can be guarded and defined from time to time only by the action of a judiciary. There were, besides, specific contracts—that with the several States respecting equal representation in the Senate, and that with Slavery—to be sustained. That the decisions of the Court should be conservative, therefore, could hardly in itself be regarded as implying a defect in the Constitution. It was designed to be a conservative institution. Marshall's interpretation may have somewhat enlarged its powers. The appointment of the judges, being made by the head of a party, could not fail to be in a measure partisan. I heard Lincoln, the most upright of men, say that he would take care to fill a vacancy with some one who was right on the great question of the day. But, if this is a defect, it is a defect in the party system, not in the structure of the Constitution. In some cases, probably, as in that of the income tax, the Supreme Court has no doubt decided what in England, or in any country having a legislature invested with sovereign powers, would be questions, not of law, but of policy. This is unavoidable when the Constitution is not that of a nation proper but of a nation with a federal structure.

I can hardly presume to class among the defects of the Constitution that which Mr. Andrew D. White regards as one of its perfections; but I cannot help thinking that the separation of the legislature from the executive, whatever advantages it may be thought to have in other ways, has not been conducive to the formation of statesmen. Montesquieu, whose view the framers of the American Constitution adopted, was mistaken in supposing that in England the executive and the legislature were independent of each other. The real executive, which was not the King but the Cabinet, was in the legislative assembly, by which it was virtually nominated and controlled. The members of the Ministry, which is the real executive, have not only been almost invariably trained in Parliament, but, as a rule, before becoming members of the Cabinet, have held minor offices of State. Their special training has hardly any counterpart in the case of the United States. Members of what has with doubtful correctness been called "The American Cabinet" are picked up at large, sometimes at the bar, in commerce or on the platform, without apprenticeship in offices of State. At the last Presidential election, a judge was taken off the Bench to become a candidate for

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the headship of the nation; and, at the present time, the only candidate for the Presidency apparently in the field is one who, though he has sat in the legislature, owes his position to the platform, and to platform advocacy of a theory on the subject of currency now practically abandoned.

Your President, when his term has expired, instead of remaining, like an ex-Prime Minister in England, in political leadership, quits public life. I was greatly impressed by the reception given at a large and miscellaneous meeting to Mr. Cleveland. It showed that his authority was great. But he was excluded from public life.

The Constitution is of course impressed with the marks of its origin as a compact among States, each of which, having thrown off the sovereignty of Great Britain, regarded itself as sovereign and was jealously tenacious of that character. Had the framers of the Constitution proclaimed that the sovereign power was thenceforth to be in the united nation, a general recoil would have ensued. The result is that there is no sovereign power; or, if there is, it is not in the nation but, as some have contended, in the several States. To say that it is in "the people" is to say that it has no assignable seat. This makes itself felt when the law is trampled under foot and the whole nation is disgraced by lynchings or local affrays, and when the whole continent is on the point of being deprived of one of the necessaries of life because local authorities have not the force necessary to guard the working of the coal-mines. A consequence of this defect seems to be an unconscious tendency, perhaps, rather than a disposition, to put power into the hands of the President, who alone represents the nation, and who, if his personal ascendancy happens to be great, may presently be tempted to further encroachment, especially if the Republic should proceed in the essentially Imperialist course of territorial aggrandizement as, when the Panama Canal has been executed, it may possibly be tempted to do.

A fair opportunity of formally investing the nation with sovereign power may be thought to have been allowed to pass at the end of the War of Secession. The more I reflect on those momentous events, the more, I confess, it seems to me that the only tenable ground and certainly good object of the war was the extinction of Slavery, which threatened otherwise to extend itself further on this continent. By failing to execute the Fugitive

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Slave Law, the North might be held to have broken the Constitutional compact with the South, and given the South a ground for secession. But the fundamental difference of social structure, and consequently of political character, made the parting in the end inevitable, though long delayed by the artifices of compromise. The Southern Confederacy, though formed by disruption, was, when formed, to all intents and purposes a nation. Its Government was recognized, its laws were obeyed, its flag flew, its currency circulated over the whole of its territory. The North, in fact, never thought of treating the war, practically, otherwise than as one between nations, regulated by the ordinary laws of war. But the theory that secession was rebellion was persistently upheld and put in force after the surrender of the South. Southern leaders, such as Lee and Longstreet, whose cooperation in the settlement was generally thought desirable, and would probably have been willingly afforded, were thus excluded from the settlement. In the Northern councils there was no thought of anything but the assurance of negro freedom. The opportunity of revising the Constitution and supplying the defect of national power in the Government, if that was desirable, was thus lost.

The most serious defect of all, however, is one which can hardly be charged to the account of the Constitution or of its framers, except in so far as the framers may be deemed to have shown want of practical forecast in regulating the election of the President. Washington regarded party as a transitory evil, of which he could get rid by bringing Hamilton and Jefferson together into his Government. An election to the Presidency, were it practically held as the Constitution prescribes, would be the calm and impartial choice, by select boards, of eminent and respected citizens. It is by the complete perversion of the Constitutional method that the contest for the Presidency and its patronage has divided the nation into two organized parties, carrying on a perpetual conflict with the familiar weapons of faction, and with not a little of the rancor and anti-national passion of civil war; treating State policy as a repertory of planks for party platforms to be shifted as electioneering tactics may require, while each party keeps on foot a sinister army of "bosses" and workers whose morality is the party game. Such is the party system everywhere. But in the United States it is specially dominant and has actually received legal recognition as an institution.



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So clearly has party superseded the country in the allegiance of the partisan, that, when a disputed election to the Presidency had given birth to a situation of national peril, and a single vote would have turned the scale and redeemed the situation, it was not thought morally possible that a single vote should be changed. In private, every American with whom you talk condemns and deplores the enormous Pension List as a fraud, the moral effects of which are even worse than the pecuniary loss. In public, both parties emulously flatter the system for fear of losing votes. It is difficult to say to what lengths faction, inflamed by the struggle for power and place, will not go in sacrificing the interests of the nation.

"Two political parties assemble to-morrow to do something, one at Saratoga, the other at Buffalo. Very much the same necessity confronts each, and that is to make a desperate appeal to public confidence.

"The great mass of the people of this State is sick of both of them; sick of the party in power because of its unexampled corruption, apathy and depravity; and sick of the Democracy because of its ingrained imbecility, instability of purpose and suppression of its decent elements."

Such is the language of a first-class and extremely able journal respecting the character of the two parties which have converted national government into a perpetual struggle for power. Such a system, surely, cannot last forever.

The evil, so far, has been mitigated and the danger has been held at bay by the political character and intelligence of the American people. But how long will that character and that intelligence hold out against the immense flow of alien immigration, some of it drawn from bad sources? The public school may improve the minds of the alien elements, and to some extent assimilate them socially. But it can hardly at once bestow upon them moral fibre, especially as at moral training it can barely be said effectively to aim. With the stream of immigration can hardly fail to come the socialistic tendency bred of unhappy class relations in the Old World and subversive of American independence, the growing dislike of labor and the imperfect sense of political duty which prevails among the masses in Europe. Yet it does not seem practicable to shut the gate.

"Time," says Bacon, "is the greatest innovator, and if time, of course, alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?" There

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are two ways of amending the American Constitution. But it has never been amended in any important particular since its final completion by the supplementary amendments, except in the case of the abolition of Slavery by a Northern Congress at the cost of civil war. Nor does it appear that it would be possible to get the two parties to suspend their conflict and combine for the purpose of revising the Constitution. If hereafter there should take place a union of this Northern Continent, an occasion for revision might be afforded. But, in the mean time, events march, and democracy, as a general form of government, is on trial.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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# PAN-MANIA.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE latest and most virulent political disease, whose character is indicated by the title at the head of this article, is more difficult to diagnose than appears at first sight. It is capable of many variations and inconsistencies; and, in fact, its one distinguishing symptom is a tendency to megalomania and an arbitrary use of the word "Pan." The principal developments of Pan-mania at present (there is no reason to suppose that we may not have others in due time) are the Pan-American, Pan-German, Pan-Slav, Pan-Islamic, Pan-Buddhist and Pan-Hellenic.

It will be seen from this list that Pan-mania may have a racial, national, geographical or religious origin. There is, in fact, no group of human interests, no sphere of activity, no common ties which may not be arbitrarily lumped together and labelled "Pan" something or other. The one thing needful is that the community thus formed should unite, not in any special policy, but in regarding themselves as part of that special "Pan" family. Having attempted the impossible in making this explanation of a movement which is, in fact, neither logical nor coherent, and is only to be accounted for by the love of every people who are conscious of their political or social existence for a tripping phrase, we will now examine the historical development of Pan-mania.

People who decline to leave us any illusions as to the picturesqueness and unself-consciousness of the Middle Ages now assert that the Pan-Slav made his appearance in the fourteenth century. There is, indeed, evidence that one or two thinkers and writers who were far ahead of their times suggested, at this early period, the advisability of uniting the scattered Slav peoples—the Russians, Poles, Bohemians, Bulgarians and Serbo-

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Croats—in a great Slav league, whose principal object should be to resist the Germanic Power under the Emperor of the Romano-Germanic Empire. Unfortunately for such a scheme, the Magyar nation had successfully effected the division of northern and southern Slavdom, nor was there any special inclination to union among the smaller Slav peoples. Most of them have traditions of wide-spread domination at one period of their existence. Moravia was the greatest of central European states in the ninth century, being the head of a confederation of Slavs which stretched from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Moravia was broken by the Magyars; but the greater part was absorbed by Bohemia, another Slav power, which was the premier state of the empire in the fourteenth century, and her capital the seat of the great Emperor Charles IV. Poland had her periods of greatness likewise; at one time she was the most powerful country, as well as one of the most civilized, in eastern Europe. But the fall of Poland was great in proportion, and to-day her provinces go to swell the empires of Prussia and Austria, while her main territory is under her neighbor Slav, the Russian. The story of the southern Slavs is no less tragic. Bulgaria was the earliest and greatest of their empires, had a literature of her own in the tenth century, and in the tenth and eleventh centuries was one of the great European Powers. The title of Tsar was conferred on the Bulgarian ruler five centuries before the Duke of Moscow took it. Yet she fell, first under Byzantine domination, and then before the rising power of Servia. Servia was in her zenith as late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when she comprised in her empire not only modern Servia, but Croatia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, and the greater part of the Balkan peninsula. This vast empire (like other Slav creations, which were rather loose confederacies than empires on the Roman model) crumbled away with startling rapidity, and the rising tide of the Ottoman invasion swept over the Southern Slavs and submerged them for nearly four centuries.

The modern Pan-Slavist propaganda is sometimes declared to be the creation of the Pan-Germans, as a justification for their own existence. Naturally, it was made to centre in the one great Slav empire, Russia, and was patronized by those Russian statesmen and politicians who cherished the idea of improving the position of their country in Europe. The events which turned

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Russia's gaze eastwards, and caused her to embark on that Oriental expansion which met such a violent check in the late war, naturally caused a languishing interest in Pan-Slavism; but in the affairs of the Balkan states Russia has never ceased to concern herself with the utmost zeal, in which her position as an orthodox Slav power is used to the fullest extent. But no one of the smaller Slav peoples is, in fact, really friendly to the Russian pretensions to the hegemony of the Slavs. The Balkan states do not forget how little they owe their great neighbor for assistance in regaining their liberty, and they all cherish hopes of recovering, in that no-man's land of European Turkey, some of the provinces and peoples which belonged to them at their golden periods. To such designs Russia, who has other plans for the inheritance of the Sick Man, can give no countenance. As for the northern Slavs, it might have been expected that the Czechs, in their struggle against German influence, would have leaned to their Russian kinsmen, and in fact a pro-Russian propaganda has been ventilated in Prague. The immediate effect was to alienate the sympathies of the Poles, who are racially, politically and geographically nearest to the Czechs. The present condition of Russia and the result of the Japanese war have, however, entirely diverted the current of racial feeling, and at the present time the Pan-Slavic movement in Bohemia is confined to what is really a national area, with some slight attempt to promote literary and artistic union with the southern Slavs. An interesting phase is to be observed in Hungary, where, to judge from official reports, Pan-Slavism should be flourishing. There is a considerable Slav population in that country and particularly in the northwest, where are found the Slovenes, remnants of the ancient empire of Moravia, who retain their national characteristics, costumes and customs despite many centuries of Hungarian rule. The Slovenes, however, are not ardent adherents of the Pan-Slav movement, which appears to them in the light of an attempt to deprive them of their national idiosyncrasies, language and traditions, and to tack them on (not politically but racially) to their more vigorous and successful Czech relations. But the Hungarian Government, bent on uprooting all national feeling among their subject peoples, finds it convenient to wage war on it under the guise of "Pan-Slavism," which would, of course, be tantamount to treason to the Hungarian ideal.

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There is a considerable revival of Slav feeling among the Serbo-Croats and Slovenes, but this literary renascence, in which the Slav languages are reasserting themselves to the detriment of German or Latin (the old tongue of Hungary) is not a "Pan" movement, being, in fact, strongly individualistic. Even the literary renascence is marked by the jealousy of the different branches of the language; and Bulgars, Poles, Czechs, Serbs, and Croats dispute as to the purity and antiquity of their several tongues and will hardly allow merit to any but their own. Nor is there much political sympathy among these peoples. There have been Pan-Slavist congresses and much writing and talking under this head, but in all this there is a great deal of "Slav" and very little "Pan." In short Pan-Slavism, without a definite object, organization or common centre, is only to be considered seriously as a temporary expedient in the Austrian parliament or a pious aspiration for the *literati* of the various Slav countries.

Far otherwise is it with the second great "Pan," which has its central idea in the unity of the German race. Although not all coherent, Pan-Germanism has a solid foundation; and the idea of strengthening the bond that ties all Germans to their Fatherland is one that excites sympathy and has received approval from the Emperor himself. So long as Pan-Germanism means only an attempt to secure for the Fatherland the intellectual and spiritual allegiance of its children, even when their bodies owe fealty to an alien land, it is at once a great and an elevating ideal. The world owes so great a debt to German character and culture that it cannot consider such an allegiance to be otherwise than ennobling. But, unfortunately, the idea is Utopian. With some peoples such an attempt might be successful—the French-Canadians are an illustration of the tenacity of Latin civilization; but the German is of all peoples the most easily denationalized, not only in the political, but in a wider, sense, and to attempt to keep him German in heart and mind under foreign rule is to bind him with ropes of sand. Nevertheless, the Pan-Germanists who confine themselves to this view of their mission have a very active organization. In recent years, a systematic fostering of national feeling has been promoted through schools, clubs, economic societies, the clergy and a variety of other agencies. A number of these do not openly flaunt the Pan-Germanic ideal, but they are inspired by it, and frequently supported from funds at

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the disposal of the central organization of the League. The headquarters of the League are at Berlin, where it has its own organ, the "*All-Deutsche Blätter*"; and since 1894, when it was reorganized under the leadership of Professor Hasse, it has had a career of phenomenal success. The societies affiliated with it are at least fifty in number, the most important being the General School Association; but an equally powerful weapon (for European use) is found in certain politico-religious societies, which have been recently active in promoting the "*Los von Rom*" agitation in Austria and Bohemia.

The mention of this movement brings us to the second phase of Pan-Germanism, and perhaps the one of most interest and importance at the present moment. This has as its *motif* the defence of German interests in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Since 1866, when Austria was finally excluded from the German Empire, the policy of the Hapsburg Government has been to cultivate a Catholic and Austrian rather than a Protestant and German sentiment among its people, but the rise of the Slavs and the growing independence of the Magyars have made this a difficult task. At the present time, a strong German reaction is taking place against the growing domination of Slavs and Magyars alike, and it was the promotion of this sentiment which led to the "*Los von Rom*" propaganda. So far have its advocates gone that they even preach treason to the Hapsburgs, and declare that German Austria must find protection under the Hohenzollerns. Thus, in Austria the Pan-Germans are actually organized as a political party with a definite platform—they are the only "Pans" of any kind enjoying this distinction; they have twenty-one seats in the Austrian parliament and add their voices to the clamor of nationalities in that heterogeneous assembly.

But there is a third and wider phase of Pan-Germanism which, ludicrous as it may sound in the telling, absorbs the energies and claims the sympathies of a wide circle in Germany. This is the expansion of the root-idea to cover all those peoples who were originally of Teutonic stock, except the English. Thus, the Netherlanders and Swiss, as well as the Teutonic element in Scandinavia, Denmark, the Baltic provinces, the Tyrol, Austria and Bohemia are to be united into one big Germanic family, the nature of the bond being left to the choice of the individual Pan-Germanist. Some believe in a great European Confederation

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with Prussia at its head; others prefer the cultural and moral hegemony of Europe as their ideal. In the teeth of this vast scheme, however, we have the Russification of the Baltic provinces, the unsuccessful counter-attempts of Germany in Poland and her own Baltic territory, the revival of Czech, which is driving German out of Bohemia despite the fact that it is the official language, the encroachments of the Italian element in the Tyrol and even in Switzerland, the sturdy resistance of the Dutch, the quite recent effort to resuscitate Flemish, and many other indications that Europe does not view with equanimity the spread of "*Deutschthum.*"

The colonial policy of the Kaiser, which is at present far from popular among his subjects, has of course been assisted by the Pan-German doctrine; but the only real success is to be found in the settlement of Germans in South America. Here there has been no active political and social organization with which to contend. In North America the presence of certain communities, and even of whole towns which have a German flavor, where German customs and the language still prevail, does not indicate a genuine survival of the German tradition. In no country do Germans lose more quickly the peculiar cast of mind which distinguishes them in Europe, nor is the cultural influence of the Fatherland strong enough to contend with the atmosphere of youth and democracy which surrounds them. Two generations, or even one, educated in the American schools—and very few German schools exist in North America—will be sufficient to turn the German emigrant, not only politically, but in all essentials of mind and feeling, into a thorough-paced American or Canadian.

Although the Kaiser gave his imprimatur to the general idea of Pan-Germanism, that cult is not officially recognized in the Fatherland and is, at the present time, rather inconvenient to, and therefore looked at askance by, the powers that be. It is rather a cult than a political propaganda (except in Austria), and, as such, it enjoys popularity and support among all the different political parties, wields immense influence, and dispenses a vast amount of money for the advancement of its various aims.

The third great Pan is one with which American readers are so familiar that the writer, compelled by the exigencies of space to compress his review of it, approaches it with diffidence. Mr. Blaine is generally credited with the paternity of the Pan-Amer-

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ican movement, but it might also be claimed for Bolivar, the "Liberator" of Bolivia. The difference of interpretation which the two men would have given to the term "Pan-American" illustrates the difficulty of generalizing on the subject. It is obvious, however, that "Pan-American" did not originally imply, (as it is now assumed to do) the league of American republics under the headship of one special race of Americans. Nor is the Monroe Doctrine, which is sometimes supposed to be indissolubly bound up with the Pan-American scheme, in reality an essential feature of it. This view—the oneness of the Monroe and Pan-American doctrines—has received its most powerful support lately from the enunciation of the "Drago Doctrine," whereby international debt-collecting by force is to be prohibited.

The original idea of Pan-Americanism was undoubtedly nothing less than a great political league of American republics. Unlike the Pan-German aspiration, this would have only a geographical foundation, since there is no unity of language, civilization, religion or race on which the league could be founded. Subsequently this ideal was supplanted by that of an American Zollverein, but both the political and commercial schemes were rather anti-European than pro-American in the widest sense of the term. But the interests of the northern and southern continents are by no means identical, either commercially or politically, and, although the South-American republics are not averse to taking advantage of Monroeism when it suits them, they are not prepared to allow their great neighbor to assume the position which the modern Pan-American doctrine assigns to her. The cultural influences of Europe are still paramount with Latin America, and the commercial relations with Europe are still more important than those with North America. The first Pan-American Congress met in 1889 at Washington, the one tangible result being the establishment of the Bureau of American Republics. The second took place in Mexico in 1901, and the business done (out of a vast programme) was chiefly the resolution to meet every five years and a vote in favor of a Pan-American railway ("Intercontinental" would be a more correct term). The third Congress was nearly frustrated by recent events in Central America, but it has taken place without any hitch, and the chief result, after a great display of eloquence, is a resolution to refer certain questions to the Hague Conference.

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As a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe that there is in the Latin-American republics any political sentiment, any range of ideas, which can be made the bond of union with the republic of the northern continent. "Americanism," in the sense of a feeling or ideal common to both continents, cannot be said to exist; and, if no other circumstance separated north from south, the question of color would be sufficient to do so. As for the prefix "Pan," it is only necessary to point out that Canada takes no share in the Pan-American propaganda, to indicate the inaccuracy of the term. Pan-Americanism is not a race movement like the renascence of the Slavs; it is not a national cult like Pan-Germanism; it is rather a political device, used by American statesmen, and chiefly popular in certain circles among those who do not see that the commercial and political sides of the question are closely interwoven.

The latest "Pan" movement is that of the Pan-Hellenes, which is racial and political, and directed against the Bulgarian or Slav population of the Balkans, among whom the Greeks have to live. To be a "Greek" in the Balkans does not necessitate Hellenic descent, but merely outward conformity with the orthodox ritual. The Bulgars have their own church, and the religious warfare has drawn the attention of Europe to the spectacle of two Christian peoples, living under Islamic rule, and murdering each other without mercy. Pan-Hellenism is also flourishing in Crete, where it has a more reasonable basis. The idea of labelling the party of Greek expansion "Pan-Hellene" was a very ingenious one; but it has a purely political foundation and is therefore not bound up in any way with the most glorious side of Greek tradition, nor identified with Hellenism in the sense in which intellectual Europe understands that term.

We have now come to two religious propagandas, Pan-Islam and Pan-Buddhism; and, beside the area and scope of these two, and the natural organization with which they are furnished, all other forms of Pan-mania are insignificant. The megalomaniac can allow his fancy full play with the idea of the two vast religious worlds, of Islam and of Buddha, united respectively for purposes of defence and even of offence. Pan-Islam has already been the subject of a study by the writer in this REVIEW,* and since then, in the past few months, a great deal of writing has

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appeared on this theme. The facts are briefly these. Almost the whole Mohammedan world is living under alien rule, and Great Britain and France are the two chief Mohammedan Powers, having between them something like one hundred million Islamic subjects. The idea had grown up that Islam, once the greatest militant power in the world and ruler of half Europe, had entirely lost vitality, and that Islamic states are bound to decay. But careful observers have noted in recent years a genuine revival of Mohammedan enthusiasm, in place of the dead indifference which seemed to have paralyzed all Islamic communities. The Sultan of Turkey, who plays a considerable part in the Pan-Islam movement, has succeeded in securing from the entire orthodox Mohammedan world the recognition of his position as Kalifa; and, having won this, he is finding opportunities of using his influence in a manner which is embarrassing to other Mohammedan Powers, who are aliens. The position has been complicated by the ambitions of Germany (a non-Mohammedan Power), who for her own ends has acquired considerable influence with the Sultan. At the same time, he is reactionary in his internal policy, so that it is impossible to regard him as the protagonist of a progressive Islamic revival. Moreover, many ardent Pan-Islamites (like those of India) have reached a high state of civilization under foreign rule, and are not so much desirous of change in their political status as of the preservation of their religion in its full purity and the demonstration of its good qualities to the world. At the opposite extreme of this religious revival movement are the fanatical brotherhoods, such as the Senoussi, who are conducting an extraordinarily successful campaign in Africa, and spreading Islam by the most energetic means. They are the most dangerous factor in the Pan-Islamic propaganda, and the one which it is most difficult to estimate. How far their recognition of the Sultan secures their subservience to him, how far they are inspired by political or religious zeal, or are simply ignorant fanatics, it is impossible to say. They wield enormous influence in Northern and even Central Africa to-day, and the whole weight of that influence is anti-European.

It will be seen that Pan-Islam may mean to the polished Indian lawyer the cultural advance of his coreligionists; to an Egyptian fellah, it may be a call to raise the green standard and exterminate the cursed unbelievers. The singular feature of this

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special form of Pan-mania is its catholicity. It has no limitation, ethnographic or national; and, though it is religious in name, it must not be forgotten that Islam is not merely a religion but a legal, social and political system in itself.

Pan-Buddhism, last in our list, is a phase of Pan-mania of which Europe is at present little aware. It had its origin before the Russo-Japanese war in the anxiety of Japan to awake the slumbering forces of national patriotism and the racial affinities of China. Buddhism, like Christianity, has had many schisms, and there is no central rallying-point for her coreligionists. A vast number of her most backward adherents looked till recently to Tibet, but the religious fervor of the Buddhist world has never been of an active or militant character, and the religion itself, pure and beautiful in its original conceptions, has degenerated and decayed until it has, in truth, no very practical influence save as a devitalizing force. The Pan-Buddhist propaganda originated with that section of the Japanese leaders who were averse to the development of their country as an European Power, and preferred to aim at the hegemony of the Orient. Bound up with this aspiration was the development of China, also on non-European lines, and the close alliance of the two chief Oriental peoples. Although official countenance was not given to the Pan-Buddhist scheme, it has enjoyed powerful support. Emissaries have gone to all Buddhist countries, and a genuine attempt has been made to effect a *rapprochement* between the different sections of the Buddhist world. Moreover, a college was established in China to give the Buddhist clergy a better training and raise them to a higher level, and in fact the whole policy has been to revive, for political purposes, the sense of religious and racial affinity between the Chinese and Japanese, and to stimulate national ambition. Such purposes as these are worked slowly and quietly in the East; and although Pan-Buddhists may meet together they do not advertise themselves very widely. The weak point in their scheme is its foundation upon a religion which is pacific and unsuited to the purposes of a political crusade.

These are the principal forms of Pan-mania existing at present, but it is difficult to see why ingenious politicians should not invent some new ones. There is as yet no "Pan-Latin," no "Pan-European," and no "Pan-Christian" league.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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# WHY THE UNITED STATES OBSTRUCTS INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BY EDWARD L. ANDREWS.

THE United States has a peculiar interest in the progress of International Arbitration. As a great commercial country, we are burdened with our own subjects of controversy with foreign Governments. But, in addition, we are encumbered with the numerous and harassing complications due to our tutelary relation towards other American republics. In recent years and on several occasions, these various interests and relations have nearly brought us to the point of undiplomatic combustion. Therefore, as a nation which is normally pacific, we are in many directions interested in substituting for the arbitrament of war the system of adjudicating disputes among states through some international tribunal. That being the case, it has been a matter of some surprise that the Secretary of State has not recently arrayed our Government as an adherent to an international principle of arbitration in respect to contract claims by and against our bodies politic. But the reasons for this reserved attitude will be apparent to any one who examines the whole situation.

The most important topics of ordinary international contention, among European and American Governments, relate to torts against their respective citizens and public contracts with those citizens. And in reference to both classes of frictional incidence, the European nations are generally the creditors or the complainants. In view of the support given to the Calvo doctrine by the South-American States, at the recent Pan-American Conference, it seems that most of them are willing to submit to the Hague Tribunal disputes arising out of contract. While the United States, as a party to the recent Conference, has agreed to a tentative reference to The Hague, there are some latent obstacles to our

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adoption of this ideal method of international satisfaction, in regard to contracts with our State Governments, as well as torts against foreign subjects by our citizens.

It is plain that, if we advocate the incorporation of the remedy by arbitration into the public law of nations, that remedy must be reciprocal. If the United Kingdom should bind itself by treaty to abide by the decision of arbitrators upon contract claims by our citizens against England or Canada, the United States must bind itself to satisfy the awards of the Hague officials in the case of similar British claims against our Governments. Or, if we desire to extend the scope of the subject-matter of arbitration so as to include tortious acts, we would be naturally compelled to respond to Italy, or mayhap to China, for assaults upon or injuries to their subjects residing in this country.

These conditions conflict with some peculiarities of our present Federal system. This conflict would not have been involved if our governmental system had been allowed to remain as originally constituted; it is the result of changes brought about in the Constitution through popular impulse. The framers of the national Constitution established an adequate and ingenuous system for satisfying international justice. By the terms of that instrument, the humblest subject of the King of England, or the pettiest citizen of the republic of Switzerland, could arraign the State of New York before the Supreme Court of the United States. And the Constitutional Convention went further on this path of amity and redress; it opened our highest Court to any foreign State that had a grievance against any State in the Union. With reference to the General Government, there was also a provision for jurisdiction by the Supreme Court, leaving to Congress its detailed arrangement. Was not this system a splendid contribution by the men of 1789 to the cause of international justice? For the first time in history, a nation said in its fundamental law that its tribunals should be open to the foreign world, collectively and individually, against its own bodies politic, National and State.

Such was the pristine jurisprudence which the Courts of the Union proceeded to administer. An incident of this judicial administration deserves special mention because it contributed to bring about momentous changes. Among the suits brought under these comprehensive provisions of the Constitution, was an action instituted against the State of Massachusetts by a noted family

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of United Empire Loyalists, appropriately named Vassall. It was founded on the treaty of peace with George III, which provided compensation for the property of Tories under sequestration by the newly inducted authorities. In view of this treaty, and of other conventions which we had made with European nations during the Revolution, the Constitution includes under its protection, and within the competence of the Federal Courts, cases in law and equity "arising under treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States." And so it was that the Vassalls instituted their proceedings, and other well-known litigations arose and were pending in due course before the United States Judges, culminating in the Chisholm decision, which affirmed the judicial power over the States. At this time the Constitution had barely been adopted. Particularism was rampant both North and East, and to some extent in the South; and it so happened that it found its first utterance in connection with this subject of the suability of States. Was this the nature of the Federal Government that these States had been induced to enter? Was it not enough that they had fought the greatest of then known empires; that they were poor and proud; and that it was beneath their dignity to be "hauled up" before these newfangled United States Courts? And for whom? A set of pesky and obnoxious monarchists. Why not confiscate their property and take the fee from their innocent heirs? It was true that our own improvement on the law of the Mother Country condemned attainder of blood. It was true that the Federal charter confirmed and protected these rights of loyal colonials, which treaties had secured. But who would speak for the Tories? They were the American *Emigrés*. They had plotted against us and fought us, and had then been deported. They were *Emigrés* and Vendeans in one.

In this way it came about that the great cause of American justice was vitiated by prejudice, and the meanest kind of prejudice—that which affected the pocket. From this impetus, the deep and broad foundations of humane jurisprudence, on which the Federal judicial structure had been reared, received their first blow. Ten amendments had recently been adopted by the States. The Federal feeling was lukewarm, where it was not nonexistent. When the Supreme Court said to the States that they must pay, the agitators retorted that the Supreme Court should not have power to make them pay. But the resultant Eleventh

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Amendment was not embodied in any such frank and courageous language. A paltry device was resorted to. The amendment declares that "the judicial power of the United States shall not be *construed* to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State." It was pretended that the "Federalist" had led the provincials to believe that the Constitution did not mean that they could be made to fulfil their public liabilities. As a matter of fact, a note to an old and authorized edition of the "Federalist" called attention to the analogy of the jurisdiction of the Imperial Chamber of Germany, which had cognizance of reclamations by a subject of one German Government against the Prince of another State; indicating this power as the model for our Judiciary Article. But the suggested subterfuge of the amenders was adopted. The theory was incorporated in the amended Constitution that the States were the victims of a judicial construction of the Constitution whereby they were bound to perform their legal duties. Hence we have a hypocritical formula introduced into the Constitution of the United States, directing that it shall not be construed in a certain way.

A few words more to illustrate the purely personal nature of the popular vote for the Amendment. Congress had arranged to pay the Revolutionary paper of the several States, and their financial condition was improved by the development of the shipping industry, and the transfer of the carrying trade to our flag at this period of the French Revolution. Real public questions, however, were not at the bottom of this assault on the virility of the national authority; its *rationale* is found elsewhere. The confiscated property of the Tories had been vested in individual purchasers, who had paid Continental money for their holdings. The State treasuries had paid out this paper for the prosecution of the war, and what was left on hand was repudiated. The fellow citizens of these purchasers of loyalist estates were inclined to regard the novel mandates of this new General Government as merely academic; particularly so when they were invited to compensate their late fellow colonials who were then residing under the British flag. In view of this personal consideration, the amendment was worded to include "any suit commenced," and thereby to effect the annulment of



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existing actions for the benefit of the defendants. This is the true story of the famous or notorious Eleventh Amendment. Was it not a piece of contemptible political "welching"? Talk of Kings in the Middle Ages clipping their coinage; we did not clip, we deleted. It should be added, in reference to this particular matter of reimbursing loyalists, that the Federal Government made some amends. The same statesmen who could not resist the popular clamor in their home districts against debt-paying were willing, and probably anxious, to meet the ethics of the transaction by making partial payment to the loyalist claimants out of the national exchequer. Indeed, it was most unfortunate that the broad principle which we had established—of making all public bodies justiciable—should have been subjected to this particular strain. If some ordinary or current liability of the States had been involved, the Constitution would not in all likelihood have been so tampered with. But the identification in the public mind of State suability with a class of obnoxious claims and claimants precipitated this hasty change in the Federal judicial system.

However, the concrete transaction ended in this way, but its moral consequences remain to trouble us at the present day and in the practical conduct of public affairs. In point of fact, the United States is disposed to enter upon conventional arrangements which will assure its own repose, and also obviate its continual disturbance by the affairs of its sister republics. But the manner in which its juridical structure has been dislocated by this so-called amendment puts irksome, but effective, restraint upon it.

During the period of reconstruction, the opportuneness of expunging the Eleventh Amendment was discussed among public men, and the writer recalls a conversation on that subject with Senator Conkling. But the great weight of more pressing questions, and the lateness of the period at which the suggestion was mooted, prevented action. When the general arbitration treaties were recently before the Senate, the unwillingness of the defaulting States of the Union to submit to arbitration their debts to foreigners contributed largely to the rejection of those international arrangements. For the reasons stated above, individual aliens, as holders of the bonds of these communities, are barred from relief through the Federal Courts. And by the Senatorial course referred to, the readier and more comprehensive forum of arbitration is for the present denied them.

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At this point it should be noted that, while some of the States have retrograded in the course of justice, the General Government has progressed in recognition of its duties. It has opened its judicial portals to all claims against itself on contract, express or implied; and a judgment of the Court of Claims is honored.

But it must also be said that our national predicament is peculiarly delicate in reference to these State debts; because we cannot, in this instance, and in good conscience, fall back upon the limited functions of our Federal Government. The State debts in issue were contracted by Governments organized and sustained by the direct action of Congress. It can be fairly said that the United States is morally responsible for the contracting of these liabilities. Should the United States appear before the Hague Tribunal as the standard-bearer of international arbitration, let us glance at its predicament when required to apply the same principle of arbitration in reference to holdings of the bonds of one of our States, which we invoke in reference to creditors of other American republics. Our State Governments, having annulled the forensic remedies against them, now refuse to arbitrate. On the other hand, our sister republics, which are liable to forcible compulsion, open their tribunals to foreign claimants; and, if these Courts be inadequate to determine this class of controversies, they are willing to submit to the decision of the International Tribunal. These are the contrasted positions of the North and South American republics; and the physical protection which the General Government throws around our repudiating debtor States enhances the moral duty of the United States to provide some remedy. Moreover, the political circumstances under which these State debts were contracted emphasizes the ethical plight of the United States, on this question. The Washington authorities were competent to create and foster the State Governments that issued the bonds. Everything else done by those reconstructed Governments has been stamped with national approval. Would the International Tribunal relieve the nation from responsibility before the world for its sponsorship of these bodies politic? This is the risk which the United States would incur by agreeing to be bound in regard to public contracts by the awards of the Hague Tribunal.

Yet, the other horn of the dilemma in our international relations is still more dangerous—this continuous state of semi-

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belligerency with the great Powers on account of our republican brethren. Is there no remedy for this sinister status? Is violence still to remain the arbiter of these international disputes? Is the United States to become the principal sufferer by the retention of this illogical wager of battle? Is it to maintain a larger navy to protect the republican principle from Guatemala to Patagonia? Is its commercial life to be perturbed by Venezuelan incidents? These conditions render it desirable to harmonize with the requirements of public law the position of the National Government towards these State obligations.

A practical remedy seems to be within the power of the Federal Government. For seventy years past the non-paying States of the Union, in common with the other States, have been enjoying the benefit of the Federal surplus of 1836. Several millions of dollars of these moneys are now loaned by the United States in those States that are in default in the payment of their bonds. And while the United States is affording these communities the benefit of these funds, its Treasury is the holder of substantial amounts of their defaulted obligations. From time to time, the United States has instituted suits against these debtor States, and recovered portions of the amounts due the General Government. But large sums of money belonging to the taxpayers of the whole country are still represented only by the unredeemed obligations of these States. In common with aliens, and with citizens of the several States, the Federal Government is a disregarded creditor. But the duty of the United States, as a member of the family of nations, arising from its paternity of the special State authorities that issued these obligations, is of far higher import. And its economic and ethical interest in the substitution of reasoned justice for unreasoning violence, in the settlement of Pan-American and world-wide disputes, is its paramount interest.

The large amount of funds which the National Government has left outstanding in the defaulted States should, in justice to the whole country, be withdrawn from those sections, and applied to relieve the nation from the embarrassment in which its international affairs have been placed by these recalcitrant States.

After the Revolutionary War, the Congress provided the funds for the settlement of the debts of the several States, through a Commission that sifted and adjusted them, and without recourse against the indebted States. No such proposition is now pre-

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sented. Merely the restricted application of this precedent is suggested, to the extent to which the surplus funds now held by these debtor States may be withdrawn by the nation. The conditions of the plan should require the acceptance of these limited amounts by the alien and domestic holders of these repudiated bonds, the United States to be a preferred creditor of the fund for full payment of its claims against these States. The plan should also require the transfer of all the State bonds to the United States, with full recourse against the indebted States. To carry out this plan, no money would be taken from the Federal Treasury. The Government would become the owner of the bonds, in the same manner in which it has become the owner of its present holdings from the Indian Trust Funds. The Government could, if it so desired, recover before the Supreme Court, and collect, from the railroad securities held by the indebted States, at least the amount of its surplus funds withdrawn from those States. Above all other considerations, there would be no further obstacle to our agreement to the arbitration of public contractual liabilities.

In some form or another, our historical precedents show that the nation has been eventually condemned to pay for the sins of its several States. In the case of the New Orleans riots, we debated *ad nauseam* with Italy in disclaimer of the national responsibility; but it was impossible to convince her that the United States, with which she made treaties for the protection of her subjects, which controlled the ports at which they landed, and maintained courts in the same territory, was not in some way responsible for the treatment of aliens. In the end we paid something, under some sort of eleemosynary plea; and, moreover, we enacted a statute of the United States to make such wrongs justiciable by the national tribunals. Recalling this outcome of an international dispute in reference to tortious acts, how can we escape the responsibility in a forum of nations for the acts of Governments that our Congress erected, that our armies sustained, and whose legislation contributed to perfect the organic law of the nation. Instead of being called upon to meet this issue before a commission of publicists, would it not be more statesmanlike to remove the practical difficulty by means of resources that seem fortuitously and costlessly adapted to accomplish the result?

EDWARD L. ANDREWS.

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# THE ARMY AS A CAREER.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER, U.S.A.

In a country under whose flag enormous fortunes have become the rule, and under whose laws protection is guaranteed to vast aggregations of capital in single families, public opinion should demand from the members of these families in return some participation in the government beyond the mere payment of taxes. It is true that the number of desirable appointive offices has become extremely small because of the constant extension of the civil-service system, but there still remain many opportunities, of which the sons of the wealthy do not avail themselves, for rendering public service to the nation. The Army and the Navy, through the medium of the national Academies, are always open to a considerable number, and many do take advantage of the educational facilities furnished by these institutions; but, with few exceptions, they resign before opportunities for distinction have arrived. Many of the young men of wealth who have thus quitted an honorable service which abounds in fine traditions, have taken up an active business or professional career. Others have sacrificed their trained talents to the idle life of a leisure set, which, in America, has few resources worthy of men of their education and character. If such men should seek the service in considerable numbers, they would not only honor their families by so doing, but here and there opportunities for distinction would come to some, whose names would be inscribed with credit upon the pages of the nation's history. The satisfaction to be derived from the social successes of the idle rich is as naught compared to the pride which comes of having rendered the state some gallant or useful service.

Every man whose titles to property are confirmed and protected by the laws of nation or state should not only be ready to

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take part in its defence in war, but should regard it as a solemn obligation to fit himself properly for this duty by service in peace, at least for a time, in the Army, the Navy or the National Guard. In any event, the law should forbid the hiring of substitutes in time of war, for the whole Constitution rests upon the basic theory that the militia, composed of every able-bodied citizen, stands as the bulwark of the Republic.

In the Army, as in the Navy, there are representatives of many families which have sent sons of every generation into one or the other, and sometimes both, of the services, in accordance with the old British custom. Almost without exception, these sons may be counted upon for loyal and gallant services because of personal characteristics, as well as pride in the records of their families. Respect for the cloth is usually bred in the bone of these men, and they value the privilege of following in their fathers' footsteps beyond the opportunity of amassing mere material gain.

In a nation so much given to genealogical research, in the effort to locate ancestors who have rendered the nation some service, it is indeed remarkable that so many of the descendants are entirely content with the work of their forebears, and oblivious to the fact that they too might do something for the country. The coveted privilege of membership in one of the numerous patriotic societies seems to satisfy the ambition of too many able-bodied, well-educated descendants of virile ancestors.

In the British and several European armies, the pay of officers has been purposely kept so small as to make it practically impossible to live in the service without a private income. The British articles of war, somewhat amended, and the customs of the British service were commended for adoption by Washington and his Continentals, because they were familiar to so many who had served with the colors before the Declaration of Independence. But, from the very first, Washington urged that, to secure and retain the services of reputable and desirable gentlemen, Congress should provide officers with enough pay to make it unnecessary for them to use up their private means or to adopt makeshifts to eke out scanty allowances.

The British nobility and landed gentry ever have not only given of their best blood to the army, but, as a voluntary contribution to the state, they have habitually supplied the greater part

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of the funds necessary for the support of the large body of officers. This burden has always been accepted as a patriotic duty to the Crown; and, through several centuries, these high-born gentlemen, although averse to association with those engaged in trade, have freely risked and often sacrificed their lives in protecting the rights of some distant and obscure trader over whom floated the British flag.

Had the Russian royal family, the nobility and the first citizens of the Empire stood patriotically together, and volunteered their services in the recent war in the Orient, to the same extent as corresponding classes of Great Britain did in the South-African War, there might have been a different tale to tell in Manchuria. Had this course been followed, it seems impossible that the revolution at home could have been successfully launched at so critical a period. The creation of a Russian national spirit, demanding moral and financial support of the armies in the field, beyond all other considerations, would have given heart to the brave men who for nearly eighteen months stood against the Japanese nation, all classes of which were actuated by a common impulse having for its object the halting of the advance of the Russians and their eventual ejection from Korea and Manchuria.

Strange to say, in America, those who by reason of accumulations of property have assumed the rôle of the leisure class and have more or less association with that British element which supplies its scions to the Army, Navy and Civil Service, seldom or never consider the propriety of devoting themselves or their sons to the public service, unless it be as ambassadors or ministers at foreign courts.

The very excesses of a few social reporters and hysterical journals have had their natural result in putting on the defensive the great body of respectable editorial writers, who, in future, as they have done in the past, will go on creating and preserving a public opinion that will hold far above mere pecuniary gain the successful work of the statesman, the jurist, the soldier and the sailor. It is no crime to be rich; but the acquisition of wealth does not release the possessor from the duties of citizenship—service at the primaries, the ballot-box, and, when necessary, in the forefront of battle.

In all countries which maintain regular armies, the social

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position of officers is never questioned except on personal and individual grounds. During all the early years of the Republic, no important social function was considered a success which did not include in its company the available representative members of the Army and Navy. In *ante bellum* days of the old army, officers and their families constituted no small part of the principal social set at the nation's capital. Some slight change has taken place in this respect, and foreigners have frequently expressed surprise at the small participation of the Army and Navy in social affairs, as compared to the influence exercised by members of the two services in the capitals of England and Europe. The influx of wealthy families and the excessive cost of living have unquestionably compelled the families of many excellent and talented public officials, civil and military, to avoid a society in which to go the pace means debt, social or pecuniary.

The old order of service in the Army, which for a century guarded the frontiers and made possible the upbuilding of a thriving empire in the "Great American Desert," has completely passed away. The excitement and interest of the trail, the chase and Indian combat; the matching of the white man's intellect against the red man's stratagem and backwoods lore, have now all given way to a new field of duty which encircles the globe. With this ever-widening field of action has come need of more careful study and training, through all the grades; for, time and again since the nation assumed the rôle of a World Power, there has been thrust upon junior subalterns the determination of grave questions involving diplomacy, commerce and the law, international, civil and criminal.

A correct decision, with prompt and forceful action, may tide over many grave emergencies, which are soon forgotten, whilst an honest error may live to mar a record through a lifetime of loyal service. These are the chances that every candidate for a military career must needs take. In taking these professional risks, the young officer, if he anticipates a contented life, must accept the general rule and be satisfied with a consciousness of duty honestly performed as the highest reward that will come in the majority of cases. If, perchance, others of not greater merit be called for important service when he had hoped to be selected, he must needs nerve himself against the sting of envy, else it

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may poison his mind and inspire him with discontent. The demands of duty seldom fit those of convenience.

Despite the small number of chances of obtaining high rank, and the assured prospects of frequent hardships and deprivations, there has never been a time when reputable candidates in abundance were not in waiting for commissions in the Army.

The pay of an officer, which at best furnishes but a modest support, has recently lost much of its purchasing power, because of the unexampled prosperity and a general rise in prices throughout the country. This likewise affects unfavorably all persons whose salaries are fixed by law or otherwise. If the officer has a family dependent upon him and he is ordered to duty out of the country, he is embarrassed by unusual and comparatively excessive expenses. Should his orders take him to the Orient, the time required in mail communications becomes a serious and unhappy factor, if it be necessary, as is so often the case, for the family to remain at home.

In England and her possessions and on the Continent of Europe special consideration is shown to officers who are obliged to travel, and, until the recent rate bill was passed, American railways generally followed the custom of granting half-rates for families of officers on their journeys back and forth across the continent, in connection with duty in Hawaii and the Orient. This was in the nature of a contribution to the nation, to assist public officials whose pay was fixed by law many years before the army sailed away to Manila.

Very few citizens are aware that officers are required to pay all their living expenses. Some thirty-odd years ago, the present pay-table was adopted in lieu of all allowances, except fuel. This allowance was continued, because of the possible unfairness to officers stationed at isolated posts in the far North and compelled to buy enormous quantities of fuel. This continuance was considered as part of the implied agreement in fixing the rates of pay for all grades. In a spasm of economy, some years after the adoption of the rates of pay, Congress took away the fuel allowance without compensatory advantage of any kind. It was not altogether the actual reduction of pay by this move that appeared unjust, but the injection of inequality into the schedule, as between those serving in the far South and those stationed along the Canadian border and in Alaska.

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Promotion in the Army under normal conditions is usually extremely slow. With all the losses incident to the war with Spain, the Chinese Expedition and the Philippine campaigns, promotion has not been so fast but that officers of from thirty to thirty-five years' service are still waiting for the eagles which carry with them the command of regiments. For the young lieutenants recently commissioned, the climb upwards looks interminable, but the element of chance usually plays a prominent part in keeping up an average movement towards the top.

The methods of filling vacancies in the lowest grade of commissioned officers is in accord with the American theory that no door of public employment should be closed to any man. In the old army, promotions from the ranks followed the British custom, and for a hundred years the commission was available for meritorious non-commissioned officers who had proven their courage and their ability to command men, this although the nation possessed a military academy of the most democratic kind, acknowledged to be the equal of any in the world. Not satisfied with this open door, Congress enacted legislation under which any private of two years' service and within the age limit may compete for a commission in an examination which requires no greater ability than is called for by the entrance examination at the West Point Military Academy. The competitor for a commission may never have commanded a squad; in fact, he may be in a staff department and never have attended a drill or performed any duty with the line, in which he must be commissioned, if at all.

The law was intended to open the door for commissions to all men without necessity for the approval of their immediate commanding officers. Many excellent young men have enlisted in order to secure commissions, and, having gained them, are proving themselves worthy in every way. Many misfits have resulted from too free a construction of the statute; and, altogether, the real object of the law—to elevate the character of the whole personnel of the ranks—has not been realized in the slightest degree. On the contrary, the presence in the ranks of young men whose sole object is to obtain a commission, and who generally select the organization in which they are to serve with special reference to the probability of being rapidly advanced to the grade of non-commissioned officer, has a disheartening effect

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upon other men, particularly upon the sterling old non-commissioned officers who, through defective education or over-age, are not qualified to compete in the examinations.

Notwithstanding the many excellent officers in the Army who have gained their commissions under the new law, it may be said, without reflection upon their merits, that every one of them would have been more accomplished professionally had he been given the advantage of the West Point course. Herein lies the reason for the suggestion for keeping open the door to a commission through the ranks, and at the same time making full use of the West Point training which has given the country a Grant, a Sherman, a Sheridan and a host of trained officers of lesser fame.

Through the generosity of Congress, the capacity of West Point has been largely increased. It would be to the great advantage of the individual, as well as of the service as a whole, if all the young candidates, say from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, who are in the ranks for commissions should be sent to the Military Academy as additional cadets, to the limit of the accommodations, and if the direct promotions to the grade of second lieutenant should be reserved for the few cases of meritorious non-commissioned officers who may prove in action their courage and ability to control men under fire.

With all the advantages and all the drawbacks weighed in the balance, there remains a goodly margin in favor of the Army as a career for a man adapted to the profession of arms. It is entirely possible for a young man to live with decency and credit upon his pay, but the possession of a small additional income may remove the worry incident to extraordinary and unforeseen contingencies. There are occasions when, as public officials, both Army and Navy officers become involved in heavy expenses for entertainment, which in justice should be met from the public purse. It is to their credit that they generally measure up to such occasions like gentlemen, even though their doing so subsequently involve them in unpalatable economy.

Altogether, whether in the government of Indian or Oriental tribes, in the fair and patient handling of angry mobs, in the tender nursing of earthquake sufferers or in the supreme test of battle, the Army has ever conducted itself in a way that deserves well of the country.

WILLIAM H. CARTER.

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# CLAUDE DEBUSSY, POET AND DREAMER.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN.

"Whom lovest thou best, enigmatical man, say, thy father, thy mother, thy sister, or thy brother?"

. . . . . .

"Thy friends?"

. . . . . .

"Thy fatherland?"

. . . . . .

"Gold?"

. . . . . .

*"I love the clouds . . . the clouds which pass . . . over there . . . the marvellous clouds."* —BAUDELAIRE.

THOSE whom duty keeps more or less vigilantly at post upon the critical watch-towers have of late been increasingly aware of that none too frequent apparition: an artistic figure of wholly novel physiognomy—precisely, of a musician who made an immediate impression of singularity and distinction. A Frenchman, he spoke a language which was as a strange tongue to those for whom Gallic music in our day is summed up in the diversions of Saint-Saëns, Massenet and their kind. His utterances bore the authentic stamp of modernity; yet it was not the modernity of Wagner, nor of Brahms, nor of Strauss. He eluded positive definition; nor was his school, at first glance, altogether obvious. This perplexing and eccentric personage was Achille Claude Debussy,* born at St.-Germain in 1862, a *Prix de Rome* winner in 1884, now living in Paris; composer of "Pelléas et Mélisande," a music-drama based upon Maeterlinck's play; of the "Trois Nocturnes" for orchestra; of the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune," after the Eclogue of Mallarmé; and of other orchestral and choral works, chamber-music, piano pieces and

* He no longer uses the first of these given names.

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songs. In Paris to-day he shares with Vincent d'Indy the place of honor among the musical elect; he is industriously imitated; and elsewhere, as in America and in England, he is exercising an influence that is already far from negligible.

Debussy, with what one must regard as an impish endeavor to confound the understanding of those who would too confidently appraise his art, has observed, gravely enough, that music "should give us immediate joy"; should be "perceptible"—an admirable jest from one whom his colleague, Alfred Bruneau, has accurately characterized as the "*très exceptionnel, très curieux, très-solitaire M. Claude Debussy.*" For this outspoken champion of obviousness and naïveté is known to his opponents as the most incorrigible of *précieux,* and those who misunderstand his purpose and dislike his method call him *un cérébral* — an epithet that, while grotesquely inaccurate as a definition, is at least a sufficiently clear indication that he is not regarded precisely as an active exemplar of the doctrines he has avowed. Any one who is at all aware of his essential quality knows that no artist ever more uncompromisingly shut himself in his tower of ivory than does Debussy. He exhibits an abhorrence of the commonplace, of the easily achieved, which is, as Mr. Philip Hale has justly observed, malignant"; he "shuns the harmonically agreeing crowd as he does the mob of loungers on the boulevard." Yet this detachment, this aversion to direct communication, this passion for the esoteric, is wholly sincere—it is the man's natural idiom, and once one has become fully cognizant of his personality, it is impossible to conceive him writing otherwise.

It is a point of approach which has already, and abundantly, justified itself. There is marvellous music in his "Pelléas et Mélisande"—undoubtedly, thus far, his masterpiece: music of a twilight beauty and glamour, music that persuades and insinuates, that persistently enslaves the mind. Here, as has been said of a kindred art-work, is one of those "dream-colored dramas of the mind, best seen against imagined tapestries . . . against revealing shadows and tragic glooms and radiances" whose compulsions are very actual and very poignant. One is here aware of elemental forces working in silence and indirection; of a secret and haunting beauty inhabiting the shadowy figures who move dimly, with a kind of shy and wistful pathos, through a no less

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shadowy pageant of griefs and ecstasies and fatalities. The "Nocturnes" for orchestra are conceived half in the spirit of landscape, half in the mood of reverie. Here, as Debussy has himself explained, the composer is not concerned "with the form of the nocturne, but with everything that this word includes in the way of impressions and special lights." In the first, "Nuages," is "the unchangeable appearance of the sky, with the slow and melancholy march of clouds"—a conception realized with an incomparable felicity and restraint. "Fêtes," the second of the set, is as elusive and bafflingly suggestive as the fading actuality of a dream: there is the suggestion, in Debussy's own words, of "a festival and its blended music," and passing through it, a magical and entirely chimerical procession. It is an extraordinary fantasy—an embodiment of a concept so subtle as quite to defy exposition. One savors it, and is moved and enthralled by it; but exactly what it implies is as evasively stated in the music itself as in Debussy's cryptic exegesis: "Movement, rhythm dancing in the atmosphere, with bursts of brusque light—luminous dust participating in total rhythm," are his words for it. The third piece, "Sirénes" (written for orchestra and women's voices), is no less impalpable . . . "the sea and its innumerable rhythm" is the key-note of its mood—the sea and its voices of seduction and command. In the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune" —an earlier work—Mallarmé's famous rhapsody, which is exquisite enough in itself, is, in a way, transfigured. It is music of the most inveterate subtlety, of the most aërial refinement; yet it grips and abides.

It is made clear throughout his later and characteristic work that this unique tone-poet lives almost wholly, and with an unequalled intensity in what one must call, for want of an apter term, the psychic world. His music is colored, not with the hue and quality of moods which are the result of vague or specific emotional stimuli, but, as it were, their astral images—their reflection in the supersensuous consciousness: he gives you, in brief, the thing alembicated, distilled to the last degree. Herein lies, I believe, the secret of his remarkable art. For him the visible world does not, recognizably, exist—it is only upon the borderland of his soul that he discerns any certitude of what other men know as passion and emotion. In his eager and insatiable thirst for all beauty that is fugitive, and interior, and evanescent,

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he reminds one of that most sensitive of modern poets, William Butler Yeats. He is like him in his supreme unconcern with those emotional gestures that are traditional and immediately significant. Hence it is that he is far less responsive to that region of the spirit where "the multitudinous beatings of many hearts become one," than to the thrall of a luminous and absorbing world of dream and fantasy. His contemplation of reality is at once clairvoyant and ecstatic:

> "You need but lift a pearl-pale hand
> And bind up your long hair and sigh,
> And all men's hearts must burn and beat."

But he worships at an altar whose true significance, it may be, he does not fully apprehend. His is less the adoration of beloved things than of the priestess of beauty who discloses their immortal substance.

This spiritual attitude is revealed through the medium of a style which is, in itself, singular and arresting enough to suggest to the most casual the presence of a new voice among the clamorous tongues of contemporary music. Certain of its roots strike deep into the fertile soil of Wagner; yet from that source of immeasurable richness Debussy has won a product that is, today, altogether his own. He has contrived an entirely novel system of expression. It pays tribute neither to the elder traditions of diatonic procedure, nor to the ungoverned chromaticism whose formulas have obsessed the music of the last half-century. From the dominance of the ascending half-tone progression of which Wagner's "Tristan" gave modern musicians the pattern, he has, in his later and representative work, kept himself conspicuously free. His system is, in a narrow and pedagogic sense, subversive, for it involves a complete overthrow of those canons of tonal integrity which, for so long, have seemed to have the force and authority of immutable law. Wagner was censured for modulating in every bar; but Debussy modulates with every beat of the measure. It is the signature of his style. He has broken down almost the last of the artificial barriers that a restricted interpretation of musical principles has arbitrarily set up between the different keys; and he has attained thereby an order of fluid and untrammelled utterance that is capable of an unimagined eloquence.

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Harmonically, his style is a marvel of invention and artistry. Almost twenty years ago Debussy was employing in certain songs harmonic ideas that, even to-day, perplex and disconcert many minds not unreclaimably orthodox; and in his maturer work—in, for example, "Pelléas et Mélisande" and in the "Nocturnes"—he does things that, for those whose chosen or hieratic function it is to uphold the elder codes, seem little short of anarchistic. Yet, when his idiom is comprehended, one becomes aware of a delicately inexorable logic, an uncompromising ideal of form, underlying the shifting and apparently lawless structure. He is the first composer to suggest completely the analogy of a painter mixing colors. His harmonic hues are not so much juxtaposed as blended; his tonal combinations refract, and, so to speak, reecho one another, as the dominant notes of the painter's color scheme merge into and react upon their complements. For in this music the key relationships established by long tradition are no longer apparent—indeed, for our ears, they cease to exist at all. We are, to alter the figure, upon a changing and multicolored sea; there are impinging currents, and we are conscious of waves and tides. The familiar buoys are absent; yet we are not sensible of being adrift—we are invited merely to yield ourselves to a new control, to a wayward-seeming pilot whose understanding, it may be, perceives deeper currents and subtler winds than does our own.

Debussy marks a return—how broadly significant one need not now inquire—to a method essentially homophonic,—made natural enough, no doubt, by his preoccupation with specifically harmonic effects. He has shown no especial fondness for intricate polyphony. There are not a few contrapuntal felicities in his writing, but they impress one as incidental. He has demonstrated no particular capacity, or perhaps one should say no liking, for the deliberate accomplishment of such polyphonic miracles as are worked by Richard Strauss with so superb a mastery. Instead, he has carried to a point of almost incredible adroitness, flexibility, and resourcefulness the art of purely harmonic utterance. He has invented, indeed, a new harmonic idiom, and has measurably enlarged and enriched the expressional material of music.

The melodic element does not hold so significant a place in his scheme. But one must immediately qualify such a statement by the observation that Debussy is very far from turning



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melody and its persuasions out-of-doors; nor is the type of melody which is native to his genius to be impeached because it will not stand the absurd test of being listened to without its harmonic support. His melody is emphatically individual. There are times when it verges upon obviousness, and it is not wholly guiltless of the sentimental curve. Sometimes, and quite properly and inevitably, it is but the border of his harmonic design, or is more rhythmic than melodic, without marked character of its own; again, though less often, it asserts itself with potency and distinction; at its best, it has both saliency and beauty, and then it partakes of the deep-seated and influential magic that informs his musical personality.

Debussy's musical ancestry is not obscure. He has owed much to Wagner—whom in print he has called, with diverting vehemence, "insupportable." The early songs show quite clearly his allegiance to the creator of "Tristan," full as they are of his own quality. From Massenet he acquired some minor traits which he is happily unlearning. For any marked traces of the influence of Berlioz, of Liszt, of Brahms, one searches fruitlessly. Occasionally he makes one think of César Franck; but Wagner has been his fountain-head. He has gone far on the path of his own destiny; no one since Wagner himself, not even Strauss, has evolved for himself a style more richly dyed with personality; but the greatest of modern music-makers taught him, at the start, much that he learned well and deeply. He acquired all that Wagner could teach him of the potency of dissonantal combinations, of chromatic relationships, of structural flexibility; and he has applied the lesson, with extravagant *finesse* and most subtle understanding, to his own intensely sophisticated yet unlabored art.

One wonders for what field of creative musicianship his gifts best fit him—whether for what we amusingly call "absolute" music, or for that whose primary inspiration proceeds from a dramatic, pictorial, or concretely emotional stimulus. It has been said of him that he is "obviously a 'literary' composer"—that "his brain must first be excited by the contemplation of a dramatic situation, a beautiful bouquet of verse, a picture, a stirring episode in a novel. But why cavil whether the initial impulse for his music be the need of money or Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*?" Why indeed? Undoubtedly, in this sense, he is a "liter-

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ary" composer. His only considerable works that are not avowedly associated with a particular external stimulus are his "Fantasie" for piano and orchestra, and his string Quartet, a curiously fascinating piece of writing that dates from what may be called his "middle period"—it was composed in 1893 and produced in Paris by Ysaye's quartet in the same year. In lyric form there are, besides the songs: "L'Enfant Prodigue," an early cantata which won him the *Prix de Rome* at the Institut in 1884; "La Demoiselle Élue," after Rossetti, composed four years later in Rome; and "Pelléas et Mélisande," his most important and indicative work. For orchestra there are (besides the "Fantasie" already mentioned) the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune (Eclogue de S. Mallarmé)"—to give it its full title; the "Trois Nocturnes"; a "Danse Sacrée" and a "Danse Profane" for chromatic harp and orchestra; and three sketches, "La Mer": all belonging to the period between 1889 and 1906. There are numerous piano pieces, of which the more characteristic are a "Suite Bergamasque," "Estampes (Pagodes, La Soirée dans Grenade, Jardins sous la Pluie)," and "Images (Reflets dans l'Eau, Hommage à Rameau, Mouvement)"; and there are many songs, in which are contained much that is rare and typical. This is, quite evidently, the output of a music-maker for whom the most engaging function of his art is its capacity for emotional and dramatic representation. Yet, for those who know him, it will seem otiose to record the fact that, however natural an exemplar of "programmatic" writing he may be, he is anything but a tonal realist, a slave to delineation. It has been made evident enough in the foregoing pages, I think, that he is, in the purest sense of that outworn and misdirected term, an impressionist: a sensitive recorder, to use his own apt phrase, of "impressions and special lights."

His doctrines and prepossessions are contained *in esse*—have come, as it were, to a focus—in "Pelléas et Mélisande." He has revealed in this, as in no other work, his distinguishing traits. Nowhere else is he so completely and disarmingly himself, so happy in his medium. One would have said, in advance of the event, that he, of all living composers, was best fitted to write music for Maeterlinck's beautiful and exacting play. He was not only best fitted, he was ideally fitted; in listening to his music one catches oneself imagining that it and the drama issued from the

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same brain. Not only is it impossible to conceive of the play wedded to any other music; it is difficult, after hearing the work in its lyric form, to think of it apart from its tonal commentary. For Debussy has caught and reuttered, with almost incredible similitude, the precise poetic accent of the dramatist. He has made definitely and poignantly articulate the heart-shaking sadness and beauty of this "vieille et triste légende de la forêt." Its indescribable glamour, its veiled and shadowy loveliness, the magical and fate-burdened atmosphere in which it is steeped—these things have found voice and tangibility in Debussy's score.

He has subjected the play to anything but a conventionally operatic treatment. The voices sing in a constant chant—technically, an unbroken recitative; there is no vocal melody whatever, none of the contrasted declamation and *cantabile* that Wagner employs with so brilliant an effectiveness. It was this feature of "Pelléas" that, more than anything else, brought down upon its composer's head the wrath of the rear-guard when the work was produced at the Opéra Comique in April, 1902. To the dissenters, his musical personages were mere "stammering phantoms"; he was regaled with the age-worn charge of having "ignored melody altogether"; and Maeterlinck himself (whose musical perceptions are not, conceivably, unlimited) called the work an "incomprehensible version." Debussy has defended his practice with point and directness: "I have been reproached," he says, "because in my score the melodic phrase is always found in the orchestra, never in the voice. I wished,—intended, in fact,—that the action should never be arrested; that it should be continuous, uninterrupted. I wanted to dispense with parasitic musical phrases. Melody is, if I may say so, almost anti-lyric, and powerless to express the constant change of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song *(chanson)*, which confirms a fixed sentiment. I have never been willing that my music should hinder, through technical exigencies, the changes of sentiment and passion felt by my characters. It is effaced as soon as it is necessary that these should have perfect liberty in their gestures as in their cries, in their joy as in their sorrow." However much one may hesitate to subscribe to Debussy's generalities, the final justification for his procedure is in the fact that it is ideally suited to its purpose—the tonal utterance of Maeterlinck's rhymeless, metreless, and broken phrases. To have set them in

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the sustained *arioso* style of "Tristan und Isolde" would have been as impossible as it would have been inept. As it is, the writing for the voices in "Pelléas" never, as one might reasonably suppose, becomes monotonous. The achievement—an astonishing *tour de force,* at the least—is as artistically successful as it is unprecedented in modern music. It is pleasant to speculate upon what Rossini or Verdi or Gounod—or, indeed, Wagner—would have said to the idea of an opera written, from beginning to end, in recitative; yet the effect of the thing is spontaneous, unforced, inevitable.

In his treatment of the orchestra, Debussy makes scarcely less resolute a departure from tradition. There is little symphonic development, in the Wagnerian sense. There are a number of representative phrases, of singular beauty and character, but they are employed more sparingly and simply than modern precedent would have led one to expect. They are seldom set in sharp and vividly dramatic contrast, as with Wagner; nor does Debussy contrive the fabric of his accompaniment as a polyphonic interweaving of significant themes. His orchestra reflects the emotional implications of the text and action with scrupulous fidelity, but suggestively rather than with detailed emphasis. The drama is far less heavily underscored than with Wagner; the note of passion or of conflict or of tragedy is never forced. His personages love and desire, exult and hate and die with a surprising economy of vehemence and insistence; there are scarcely more than a dozen *fortissimo* marks in the entire score. Yet, unrhetorical as the music is, it is never pallid; and in such truly climactic moments as that of Goloud's agonized outbreak in the scene with Mélisande, in the fourth act, and the ecstatic culmination of the final love scene, the music supports the dramatic and emotional crisis with superb competency.

Throughout, the effect is of the enclosure of the play in an atmosphere of ambient and suffusing tone: it is this perfect adjustment of speech, action, music, and scenery, elements, that makes the work in its lyric form the unparalleled and insinuating thing it is. Many passages are of an hypnotic and abiding fascination. There is something necromantic in the art which can so swiftly and so surely cast an ineluctable spell upon the heart and the imagination—such a spell as is cast in the scene at the "Fontaine des Aveugles," in the second act; or

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when, upon the staircase under the castle tower, Mélisande's unbound hair falls and envelops Pelléas—an unforgettable page; or when the lovers meet for the last time at the Fountain of the Blind; or in the scene of Mélisande's death—one of the most pathetic and affecting pages in all music. With what simplicity, concentration, and delicate precision Debussy has accomplished his results only those who care to understand the structural organization of a score can quite appreciate. These will wonder at the elasticity and richness of the harmonic texture—which, while it is incurably "irregular," is never crude nor inchoate; at the suppleness and refinement of the melodic line; at the rhythmical variety and expressiveness; at the masterly and individual orchestration. But it need require no faculty of trained perception justly to value the excellences of Debussy's score. There is great beauty, great eloquence, in this music. It has sincerity, dignity, and reserve, yet it is charged to the brim with ardor, with tenderness, with sensibility.

It is less with the thought of marking its deficiencies than of defining the limit of what it attempts, that one notes of Debussy's art, as a whole, that it has more of ecstasy than of vigor, that it excels in subtlety rather than in breadth. Yet it is neither frail nor slight. It is always, in its graver moments, at close quarters with human and sincere emotion; but Debussy, one must say again, envisages his world through a psychic veil that magicalizes without distorting—a veil that, while it may lessen the impression of actuality, yet has the curious and compensating property of revealing unsuspected and secret aspects, unnoticed lights and surfaces and contours. Here is a musician who walks with those eager and quickened beings for whom, behind every concrete manifestation of human life, hovers a shape of fire and air—for whom the dreaming spirit of the world has a far greater authenticity and a nearer presence than the shifting substances that are its shadow. It is this remote, this astral life that profoundly and exclusively concerns him. Of the manner in which his art reflects it, one may not inaptly say that it has pervadingly that beauty defined by Pater—"a beauty wrought from within . . . the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite pass ons."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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# THE RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT.

BY CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

DURING the last twelve or fifteen years much has been heard of the efforts of both employers and trades-unions to restrict or limit the output of manufacturing establishments. It is comparatively a new economical subject, so far as discussion is concerned; and little has been written about it. Attempts to limit output both by employers and employees are quite old, but it is only with the recent development of machinery that such attempts have been in large degree effective.

The word "restriction" is not quite the correct one. "Regulation" may represent the truth more clearly, although any regulations which limit the product of the works or of the men are essentially restrictions.

Trades-unionists allege that employers do not hesitate to limit the output of their works when the goods they produce are overstocked. Such limitation or restriction is to affect the price, but the employer, while desiring to keep the price up, must also, while his works are running, run at a speed that will not increase the cost of production per unit. The employee does not have this complication when he attempts, by any regulation of the union or other organization, to limit the production of the individual. The effect of the employer's effort is to limit the aggregate output. The effect of the working-men's effort is to limit or regulate the output per man in a given time. The public is not generally familiar with this feature, as it is with that of rebates on railroads, and yet it is quite as important—even more so, from the consumer's point of view.

There have been some rather aggravated attempts during the past few years, like that of the cotton-growers of the South, who met in a convention a few years ago when the price of cot-

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ton was very low and passed resolutions to the effect that there should be a decrease in the area planted, thus hoping by regulating the amount of cotton grown to keep the price where they thought it ought to be kept. The result was somewhat comical, for many went home from the convention feeling that, as most planters would limit their areas, they individually could increase theirs and thus profit by the operation. All such attempts are of course uneconomic, impolitic, and they result in much demoralization in the market.

Four or five years ago there was a glut of Christmas trees in the New York market, and prices were lowered very materially. The holders of the trees deliberately destroyed a large quantity, so that the supply might be lessened and thus the prices enhanced. Such things are open to public observation; but where, in a line of mechanical industry, there is an overstock of goods, the public does not recognize the process by which the stock is limited until the supply and demand are fairly equalized. It has not been rare that under such conditions the managements of establishments involved, not wishing to suspend their works and thus decrease the output, have ingeniously engineered a strike, resulting in a shut-down of the works, when the managers could stand before the public as being the victims of a strike, and not as having suspended for the sake of decreasing the supply.

So, too, agreements are sometimes made between employers and employees for the very purpose of limiting the output, the employees receiving a higher wage meantime and the producer a higher price. Some years ago, this method worked very successfully for quite a period in the glass-blowing trade. This method has also prevailed to some extent in the ship-building industry in England, in the pottery industry in this country, in the machine industry, in the production of lamp chimneys and in various other lines of productive industry. This method seems to be the favorite one where the unions and employers work in fair harmony; but if such agreements result in higher prices, or in preventing reasonable competition, the consumer pays the bills.

But the restriction or regulation of output about which most is said relates to the attitude of trades-unions; a careful study of the subject leads to the conclusion that there is not any very severe restriction on the part of trades-unions, but rather an at-

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tempt to regulate output, so that justice may be done in the various complicated conditions of mechanical industry, and that in this matter of regulation is to be found the most subtle relation of employer and employee, a relation not very well understood by the public or by economic writers.

The bald charge of restriction seems to be the limit of discussion, of course with details as to the quantity and value of the restriction. That such regulations on the part of trades-unions result oftentimes in a very marked increase in cost, cannot be denied. Trades-unionists in America do not hesitate to admit that they indulge in regulations so far as their members are concerned, but justify them on various grounds. The English trades-unionists have flatly denied the existence of any rules limiting output.

Mr. Mosely's delegation of working-men, when in this country, stated to the writer, in the most emphatic manner, that the trades-unionists of England did not indulge in any limitation of output; yet the facts show that they do so regulate their work as to effect restriction and to increase cost of production. One of the most distinguished builders of London told me recently that the public in America was not aware of the fact that it cost more to erect buildings in London than in New York, because the bricklayers' union, for instance, would not allow bricklayers to lay more than 450 or 500 bricks per day, while in this country from 1,500 to 2,000 bricks are laid per day in the same line of work, that is, straight-wall work.

Some will remember, although it was not generally known, that four or five years ago employees in the Chicago building trades attempted some very severe regulations as to the quantity of work which should constitute a day's work, their theory being that quantity and not time should be the measure of work, for which a certain wage was to be paid. The lathers, for instance, reduced the number of laths which should be laid in one day as against the number which a fairly skilled workman could lay, and the plumbers instituted a rule that three wiped joints should be considered a day's work, although a plumber of ordinary skill could make such a joint in thirty minutes. The limitations which it was attempted to put in force at that time were absurd in great degree, and employers retaliated in their way, so that finally some of the most extravagant claims of the amount of

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work which should be paid for as "a day's work" were regulated by agreement. The limitation of work in the ship-building trades in New York and vicinity has resulted most disastrously in the transference of repairs, etc., to neighboring ports. The same principles prevail or apply in these matters as in all others where there is an attempt arbitrarily to fix economic conditions.

There is probably as much complication growing out of attempts to regulate output in the printing and publishing business as in any other. The introduction of linotype machines aroused the compositors to such a degree that they feared their trade was to be demoralized and work taken from them. They therefore undertook, when such machines came into use, to regulate rates and amounts, so that fair justice should be done. At present this contest does not exist, because, while there was a temporary loss on the part of compositors, it has been more than made up by increased work and otherwise. Here, as in other industries, what is known economically as the "dead line" is brought forward as a reason for regulation. The "dead line" means the minimum quantity of product per day which entitles an employee to employment. In some cities employees and employers are quite averse to the employment of men who fall below that line. This dead-line idea applies only to machine composition, where it applies at all, in the printing industry. Where an operator falls below the prescribed quantity, he is considered as falling below the "dead line," and thus there is a restriction in this direction.

Other restrictions relate to the number of persons employed and the kind of composition and other matters pertaining to the trade.

Of course the unionists justify limitation on account of nervous exhaustion in the use of machines, technicalities of the machine, the insistence of publishers that steady, moderate speed should be used.

There are many agreements between employers and employees in the manufacture of hardware. A large proportion of the product is controlled by pools that restrict, regulate or apportion the output, and there are in some cases formal compacts which affect prices. The men sometimes know all these things and retaliate by making limitations of their own. They insist upon certain conditions, one of which has been the cause of a great

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deal of antagonism, that relating to the number of men in proportion to the number of machines. Employers oppose the one-man-one-machine rule, and in some cases this rule does not amount to a limitation of the output, but is a regulation in the interest of health and proper conduct.

The union also adopts some rules or regulations relative to the introduction of cutting-tools. One of their chief contentions relates to piece-work. If piece-work could be carried on by allowing a man to do his best, there might not be so much friction, but machinists' organizations do not like this work and discontinue it whenever they get the power, even when the result is a reduced earning capacity. Employees complain that, when the piece-work system is established, at first the price is high and they can make more money than on any other basis, but that the piece rate is reduced as time goes on, so that as day wages go up piece prices are apt to go down, the piece rate being cut so that at a new rate of speed the workman earns no more than under the day-wage system. It is seen that in this industry, therefore, there are reasons for the attempted regulations beyond the simple restriction of output which is alleged.

Union men oppose the idea of the employer's obtaining a large or increased percentage of product without a corresponding increase of wages to the workmen; hence they attempt some form of regulation. So the unions in the machine industry quite generally claim that they have no specific restrictions on output, but regulations looking to juster conditions and more impartial operation of the works.

What has been said relative to the machinery industry applies in large degree, although not in detail, to the iron and steel industry. Complications in these are great indeed, and all the processes involving double turns and single turns and even three-turn systems, different shifts, the charging of furnaces and all the processes of production, must be the subject of minute regulation, or injustice would be done in many cases.

In coal-mining, especially the bituminous industry, there is really abundant occasion for proper regulations, even though such regulations result in a limitation of output. The operators must conduct their business so as to secure a fair profit, the miners must work in such a way as to enable them, by a reasonable day's work, to secure a fair day's pay. The use of machines

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enters into this matter largely, and very many other conditions demand regulation. In the anthracite-coal industry the operators have claimed for a long time that the miners' union restricts output, and yet they themselves must regulate their industry in such ways as in many cases to lead to such limitation. Both parties occupy peculiar relations to this matter of restriction. The operators, when they endeavor to maintain an output ample to meet current demand, do not permit a surplus that might unsettle prices and affect the earnings of those engaged in the industry; while, if they press the mines for greatest output and there is slight demand for the product, prices must decline to such a low point that a material reduction in wages would be absolutely necessary.

It would therefore seem quite necessary, in the interest of both miners and operators, that there should be some regulation relative to the quantity of coal mined; yet, when such things are attempted, the public feels that it is the victim of unlawful combination in some way, although it is not easily ascertained in what way the combination is illegal. Yet it is certain that the railroad companies to some extent limit the total output of coal to conform to that quantity which the market will take at prices which are uniform for the different companies operating. The union attempts to distribute work in such a way that all shall be fairly treated, as by the regulation as to the number of cars —mine cars—which shall be loaded per day, or the number of hours of a shift from one period to another and at different times of the year. All the restriction, all apparent restriction, really occurs in regulating the total output. All other items are simply the result of distributing the output equitably among the railroads, collieries and miners.

So there are certain rules which might be called restrictive in the ready-made clothing trade, whereby the union secures what it considers certain advantages. They attempt to substitute for piece-work a system of week-work to make uniform the conditions of labor in the trade, and to reduce the hours of labor gradually to eight per day. They also institute regulations relative to cutting with the electric knife and with the band knife. The unions have rarely adopted any rules limiting the amount of work or earnings, unless their attempt to limit the hours of work per week be restriction.

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The Cigar-makers' Union of America has indulged in rules and regulations very largely by agreements between them and employers, by which the conditions of the industry have been made more agreeable and at the same time more profitable.

The boot-and-shoe industry has been subject to many rules and regulations for a long time, with a view, however, to adjusting conditions rather than to limiting output.

In slaughtering and meat-packing it is charged by employers that there is a general decrease in output in all departments, resulting from the actions of the unions; while the unionists charge that employers resort to various means for keeping the product within certain lines for the purpose of affecting prices. On the part of the workmen, there has doubtless been a slowing down in the speed, and union representatives agree that this has been so, but they allege that it is an unconscious slowing up in prosperous times following the speeding up that occurs during periods of stress. These are natural processes rather than forced ones. Officials of the Chicago Packing Trades Council state that there are no restrictions in the general work of the packing-houses outside of the cattle and sheep killing, and there it is not restriction but an agreed limit which has been admitted to be a reasonable hour's work by the employers.

It is in only a few trades of the United States that the subject of restriction is of any importance. There are of course very many trades or industries in America, but probably not more than thirty-five or forty are alleged to have any restrictions or regulations affecting the quantity of output. The information for thirty of such trades, that is nearly all, has been collected in an official report by the United States Commissioner of Labor. This report also embraces some features of alleged restriction in Great Britain, although information relative to the subject is very difficult to obtain. The real discussion of the restriction of output as a policy in Great Britain arose with the issue, by the International Federation of Ship, Dock and River Workers, of what is known as "the ca'canny circular." "Ca'canny" is a simple and handy phrase which is used to describe a new instrument or policy which may be used by the workers in place of a strike. This gave rise to a movement in England under that name when the workmen proposed regulations for the work. This circular insisted that workmen paid good wages could give their

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best labor and their best skill; and, as "ca'canny" means "go easy," the union named instituted the "go-easy" policy until the operators and employers were willing to meet and confer with the men's representatives, thus hoping to avoid a strike; so after the appearance of the circular, October 10th, 1896, the shipworkers urged the adoption of the "ca'canny" policy as a regular method on their part when the wages, in the opinion of the workers, were unfairly low. Specifically the "ca'canny" system meant that, if a man could get only four shillings for five shillings' worth of work he did in a day, he should do only the four shillings' worth, and that he was a fool to do otherwise. Here was a rule which meant restriction in a certain sense, although not a direct restriction on output. The policy caused a great deal of discussion, and the unions were accused by "The Times" and other periodicals of adopting a policy of restriction; but the federation of trades-unions repudiated the idea that they were indulging in any such policy. The discussion and agitation continued, and its development is likely to affect different classes of workmen.

Certainly in the ship-building trade there has been more or less restriction, and it is the result of persistent organized effort, for in the ship-building trades the foremen themselves are practically members of the union. Piece-work, the employment of machinery and other conditions have led to these regulations.

The printing and publishing industry of England has come under rules regulating output, and to such an extent as to result in some limitation. This is true also of the boot-and-shoe industry, and certainly in the building trades, as has been stated, especially in bricklaying. Cabinet-making has been subjected to the rules of the union, especially to resist united pressure of employers. Even in street-paving, it is found that there is some limitation. Employers insist that there is much of this, but their position is combated by the employees, who insist that their limitations are only indirect results of proper regulations.

The textile industry, one subject of competition especially from abroad, offers an opportunity in Great Britain for various rules resulting in more or less regulation of the output of establishments. There are industries in Great Britain that are subject to the prevailing methods. There is, of course, a great deal of ill adjustment of the relations of capital and labor in Great

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Britain as well as in this country, and it is to overcome these ill adjustments that the trades-unionists claim they are instituting their regulations. What Professor John H. Gray, who has studied the subject in Great Britain, says of that country is quite true of this. He says:

"Formal restriction, therefore, is likely to be, as it doubtless has been in the past, a matter of general understanding among the workmen in certain shops or districts, carried on perhaps against the judgment of the national union leaders and ofttimes without those leaders having any knowledge of the fact.

"When it comes to the indirect action of the unions which really may affect the output in a serious way the matter is somewhat clearer; for, in the attempt to bring about the changed relations between employer and employed, the question of manning and rating machines, of apprentices, of standard rates and numerous other things constitute the weapons of the laborers."

But everywhere, whether in Great Britain or on the Continent or in this country, there are very many points which can be adjusted by joint agreements, which, though indirectly affecting the amount of output, must and will result in better relations, in more just conditions, in more uniform wages, a more reasonable length of day for work. These subjects relate to the intensity of exertion, a very important matter, subtle, elusive, hard to reach by any regulation or any dogmatic or arbitrary rule. A restriction of speed may make possible a larger number of hours of work during the day, or may enable the workman to continue at work with greater regularity through the year, and therefore with a reduced number of idle days for rest and recuperation, and it may make possible a longer period of trade life. The workman is therefore directly and peculiarly interested in any regulation which shall relieve him of annoyance and severe strain resulting from the exertion required to produce a certain amount of goods in a certain length of time. But every attempt to restrict speed is certainly a restriction of output. The consumer meets the result by increased cost, it may be, although increased speed ought to decrease cost; but, should it not do so, must not the consumer be content to contribute some share of the expense necessary to relieve the workman of the great strain of increased exertion under modern industrial methods?

So, too, in the question of machinery. All students of the

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subject must admit that there can still be better, more healthful and saner rules relative to the working of machines and the application of improved tools. The consumer gets any general benefit from the introduction of any machine. He should therefore be willing to meet part of the cost. Society owes something to the workman in this respect. The writer has heard great employers claim that all benefits from the introduction of speeded machinery should belong to the workmen. It is probable, however, that ethical and economic law would not approve of the statement. The workman should receive a large share, and does receive a large share, of the benefits resulting from the introduction of machinery. Society, however, is the chief beneficiary.

Another matter which must come under regulation is the division of labor. So, too, the question of administration, by which the greatest economy is secured, can be the subject, as it already is to some extent, of regulation. Hours of labor and wages and methods of payment can be regulated by joint agreements, but indirectly they must be considered as restrictions. Also the matter of employing and discharging workmen is a subject of regulation. There must be a sane and just method of regulating this difficult question. All the unions enforce restrictions in this respect, if possible. The employer's freedom is at stake; while, on the part of the public, the general rule that the employer has a right to employ and discharge without let or hindrance is accepted and is recognized by the courts everywhere.

Both employers and employees are becoming more and more sensitive as to what they call their rights, and at the same time are willing to indulge in joint rules which shall relieve industry of strained relations, which are worse for the public than any reasonable restriction of output.

Certainly, the public can stand all possible regulations which employers and employees will mutually accept or adopt, that are aimed at securing steady, fairly paid employment, healthy conditions for work, and as much justice in all the delicate and ever-subtle relations of employer and employee as is possible with human nature and ethical and economic law.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

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# CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

## And the Contest in New York State.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

The contest for the office of Governor of New York State is being followed with quite unwonted sincerity and depth of interest. And quite rightly, it would seem. For far more is involved than the personalities of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hearst. The present conflict brings us back to the principles on which the life of states and nations is built. The decision now reached will be remembered as a turning-point, perhaps, in our national history.

It is not merely that the present contest will have great influence on the next Presidential election; that success for the candidate of the Democratic party now will mean a flush of hope for his success in 1908; that the election of the present candidate is more than likely to determine the choice of that candidate for the greater struggle two years hence. In reality, far more is involved.

The real importance of the conflict seems to be this: The last few years have seen an extraordinary development of our national life. New forces have come into being, new forms of force and energy have been developed, new groupings of the very elements of humanity have been reached; and conditions have arisen, full of vitality and full of fate, such as we have never seen before, and such as no nation has ever seen before. The direction of these momentous forces will determine our entire future as a nation, and will greatly influence the life and destiny of other nations. The two candidates for the office of Governor of New York State are representative men. Each embodies a certain principle of action. Each stands for a method of dealing with



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the great forces of our modern life. Each comes with clear proposals and a clear policy. And the present choice is likely to determine which of these policies will be followed in our national life for years to come.

If we ask what the new and unprecedented forces in our national life are, we can easily get the answer from the letters of acceptance of the two candidates. To begin with, we find Mr. Hughes declaring against "boss" rule, and affirming that he will accept no dictation but that of his own conscience. This may provoke little wonder; so used are we to the influence of the "boss" in politics that we hardly give the matter a thought. Yet it merits most careful thought, for the system involved is not only vicious; it is also disintegrating, and cuts at the root of liberty and free government.

Let us make this clear. The following would, perhaps, not be an unfair description of the "boss" system, as it exists in most of our cities and States. The "boss" is a man of great natural force. He is often a born leader. He has the personal magnetism which induces willing obedience. He is astute and able in his plans. Like a good leader, he chooses able lieutenants. They must have, in their degree, personal magnetism and astuteness. They must be ably seconded by lesser men, whose business it is to know practically every voter, almost every man, woman and child, in the district committed to their care.

In practice, the "boss" and his satellites do a great deal for their adherents. They have influence with employers of labor, with State or city officials, with heads of departments. By a word in season, they can get work for those out of employment, or better pay for their friends. And under the "boss" system there is always some one who can "put things through" with ease and despatch. If one has a new undertaking in hand which requires the assent of the State or city, the influential personage will "see it through." Somebody must be "seen," and, if the interview is satisfactory, things will presently begin to move smoothly in the desired direction.

What is true of private enterprises is true of public offices. The word of the "boss" is decisive. The friend of the "boss" gets the nomination. And when election day comes, the "boss" can "make good." His lieutenants can "swing the voters into line," and secure victory at the polls. We presently have a

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corporate government made up of "friends of the boss," and there is little reason to expect that the stimulus of self-interest which has moved matters up to this point will cease to determine the further course of events.

In fact, we presently find a parasite life developed and grown strong within the body politic of State or city; a second State within the State, absolutely selfish, absolutely mercenary, wholly unscrupulous, avowedly after money, "first, last and all the time." When we read of the condition of Spain, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, where a web of religious houses and organizations had spread over the land, drawing from the people a larger revenue than the national revenue of Spain, and exempt from taxation, we throw up our hands in horror, and very justly. Yet we have something very much worse in the "boss" system which permeates our States and cities to-day. For the essence of the whole system is injustice. It aims, and successfully aims, at obtaining for its adherents some advantage at every point above what they are entitled to, in strict justice to their fellow citizens. It aims at securing them from due punishment for evil-doing, in return for corrupt consideration. It aims at building up within the State an organization whose members shall at all points be favored, protected, defended, beyond the measure of strict justice, and to the detriment of every one outside the organization.

When we read of some strong wrongdoer of the Middle Ages, who was able to build up for himself an almost regal power within the State, securing for his armed "*bravi*" unlimited plunder, immunity in evil, license in all kinds of violence, we can see at once what an evil and injustice we are dealing with. We are far slower to realize that the "boss" of to-day, with his organized adherents, represents exactly the same evil principle, and is working exactly the same wrong to the body politic, is inflicting exactly the same injustice on the whole body of citizens. Justice should secure absolutely fair dealing for every member of the State; justice should establish and maintain an absolutely fair relation among all members of the State; and Law, the most sacred thing in human life, should be an expression of this even-handed justice. The "boss" system, with its organized scheme of favoritism, of immunities, absolutely defeats justice, and cuts at the root of law. It attacks, and must ultimately destroy, the very foundation on which the life of a nation rests.

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We need not suppose that the "boss" and his followers are more depraved than the great mass of their fellow citizens. They are ambitious and eager for money. But then, as a nation, we are eager for money and ambitious. The "boss" and his *bravi* have simply applied in a special field the wonderful American gift for organization; and they have chosen the field of government to exercise their faculty in, because they have a low sense of obligation to justice and Law. Their power is made possible by a wide-spread failure to esteem Law and obedience to Law at their high and sacred value; by the general unwillingness of "people of the better sort" to make the sacrifices of personal comfort and gain which would make a thorough reform possible.

We have, therefore, in the "boss" system an immense force, practically a new development of life, due to the conditions of our national growth, and calling for vigorous and incisive action. And we have, in their relation toward this question, the first touchstone of the two candidates for the office of Governor of New York State. It is a question, not of words, but of deeds. We find one candidate explicitly declaring his independence of "boss" rule. We have the other candidate in close alliance to the "boss" system, and seeking to profit by it.

Again, in Mr. Hearst's letter of acceptance this time, we have much said of corporations, "the trusts that rob the people," as they are eloquently styled. And here, it seems to me, we have a second touchstone. For both candidates have a defined and clear-cut policy toward corporations, and Mr. Hughes at least has given us admirable object-lessons in the application of his policy.

It is, perhaps, a defect in our national character, that we are too completely absorbed in practical life to think our way to the root and principle of things; just as, in science, we are far more apt at applied mechanics than at large and universal discoveries. So it happens that we have reached an immense development of corporations, without any clear idea of what they imply; and so it becomes possible for certain types of people to spend their days and nights denouncing corporations, trusts and combinations of every kind, without there being at hand any very ready answer to their attacks. How many of us are clear in our minds as to the necessity and rightness of trusts and corporations? How many can give a reason for the faith that is in us?

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We shall proceed most safely by the historic method. Corporations, combinations of resources, have grown up by natural stages, to meet actual wants and conditions. There are undertakings without number which no individual could carry out; and the principle of the division of labor is the germ of all corporate enterprises. The truth is that combinations of effort are absolutely right and necessary; that they belong to the stage of life on which humanity has entered; that their application to all productive undertakings is a necessity, an inevitable development of forces inherent in humanity.

In the last great epoch, the main activity of humanity was political. Families were welded into tribes. Tribes were welded into states. States were welded into nations. Whether it be the coalescence of the kingdoms of Mercia, Anglia, Northumbria and the rest into the one realm of England; or the formation of modern France from the great feudal principalities; or the making of United Italy; or the union of the kingdoms of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and the rest in the German Empire, we have everywhere the principle of combination, of a wider and wider corporate life. And we have everywhere, as the result, a wider growth of human consciousness, so that each individual feels for England or France or Germany or Italy, holding the whole nation within his conscious life. In the process of welding there was much suffering, much injustice. War and bloodshed were rife throughout the whole epoch. Nevertheless, the outcome is great and lasting human good, a good which is purely moral and spiritual in the last analysis.

The same principle of combination, of corporate life, is now being applied to production, as it was formerly applied to individual lives. And in the long run its fruit will be as beneficial. Internal competition in any productive industry is exactly the same thing as internal friction in a machine; a definite loss, which is not compensated in any way. It is so much sheer detriment. And the abolition of internal friction, which is brought about by the formation of corporations or trusts, or whatever they may be called, is such an immense advantage that it has made great fortunes in numbers hitherto unknown in human history. We all profit in ways innumerable by undertakings which embody this principle of combination. We are served by them in endless directions; and without them almost everything which

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characterizes our civilization would be impossible. More than that, these undertakings bring distinct moral and spiritual gain, as surely as does the principle of combination in national life. For, through vast enterprises like our telegraph and steamship lines, our railroads and telephones, all mankind is brought into a common consciousness; so that nowadays we think for more than England or France, Italy or Germany. We think for the whole human race. Every morning, as we read our newspapers, we are taking a survey of no less than the whole of humanity, and the moral gain involved in that is incalculable. Therefore a moment's sane thought will convince any one that combinations, whether we call them trusts or corporations or whatever it be, are right and just, an essential factor in human progress.

The truth is that, by confusion, accidental or deliberate, this question of combined energies is involved with another, of wholly different nature: the question of prices. In former days, prices were determined by competition, and one competitor sought to gain business by underbidding his neighbors. Yet in this struggle there was an immense loss, through internal friction, and the total level of prices was raised to make good this loss. Competition determined prices, but prices can be determined without competition. For example, the price which railroads may charge for carrying passengers was determined long ago in England, by Parliamentary enactment; so that, even now, many of the railroads quote three fares: First, Second and "Parliamentary," the last being equivalent to two cents a mile. This is one instance of a method which has already very wide application, and which is capable of indefinite extension; and just as it is vastly easier and more economical to travel, say, from London to Edinburgh in a "parliamentary" train, the fruit of a combination whose price is regulated by law, than to travel over the same distance in a carriage, so, in general, production through properly regulated combinations will be much more economical in every direction.

Here, once more, we have a vast new force, which in our own country has had and is having an unprecedented development, and which is without doubt one of the forces which will determine our future as a nation. It contains great elements of good. It contains dangers and seeds of evil. Once again, we may use this condition of things as a touchstone, to try Mr. Hughes and

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Mr. Hearst. In the one, we have a sane and balanced recognition of the part which is played, and which must be played, by the great combinations of resources which are called trusts and corporations. And we have, besides, an admirable, well-judged and temperate policy of control, which Mr. Hughes has shown himself able to devise and apply to two immense and powerful combinations: the gas trust and the insurance societies. The method of Mr. Hughes, in dealing with the gas trust, was simplicity itself. He first ascertained the actual value of the plant, property and rights owned by the trust, and then determined what would be a fair and equitable price for gas, which would secure a fair profit for the trust, while supplying the public at a fair and moderate cost. It is exactly what was done in the case of the "parliamentary" trains, and the principle is capable of wide application. It may be noted, in passing, that the very fact that all the gas plants were combined in one corporation made it greatly easier to determine the question of price, so that here also the principle of combination proved itself to be an economic advantage. Mr. Hughes's work in providing for the proper control of the insurance companies is too recent and too well known to need any description. It is enough to point out that it illustrates the true way of dealing with great trusts and corporations.

On the other hand, in Mr. Hearst we have a policy of denunciation. We have sentences concerning "the trusts that rob the People," "corrupt corporations," and so on, in endless variety of phrase, but with dull monotony of thought. We have indiscriminate abuse, without any penetrating understanding of the true principles involved, or the part played by the principle of combination in the past, and destined to be played by that principle in the future. We have a total failure to understand, covered up under an unceasing flow of condemnation.

A third great element in our life, and one which we may well call unprecedented, is the almost universal spread of the elements of education. Nearly every man, woman and child, in our vast population of eighty millions, knows how to read, and does read. Here are great possibilities of good, and also great dangers.

We have an immense multitude able to read, yet with very little knowledge, wholly deficient in the historical sense, knowing almost nothing of the long epic of man, very short-sighted, and almost exclusively occupied with questions of personal well-

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being. Here is a wide field for the sowing of good seed, or the sowing of evil. If there be among us men ambitious of power and profit, with a flow of words, with no high sense of justice and responsibility, they have a wide field ready to hand. They may come before this multitude, which is able to read without being able to judge, and they may fill its ears with condemnations, with denunciations, with tales of robbery and fraud. They may appeal persistently to self-interest and selfishness. They may do this in season and out of season, fanning the flame of envy and discontent, telling the multitude that they are being robbed, tyrannized over, maltreated. In this way they may gain countless followers. They may become a power, with which the older parties may have to reckon, either as opponents or as allies. They may gain the highest offices in the nation. Yet who can doubt the unwisdom and injustice of all this, the wide evil produced, the ultimate disaster invited?

The danger of a policy of denunciation has always been that the denouncer will presently be outstripped by others, who have less scruple, who find even more to denounce, in fiercer words. There is the growing force of the avalanche. Envy, hatred and malice are strong forces. Who stirs them up is kindling a fire which will presently become a conflagration. They are forces of destruction, of disintegration. And for this disintegration, history knows only one remedy: military despotism.

The application of all this to the present contest in New York State is evident. We are already face to face with dangers of this kind. Strong appeals are made to envy, jealousy, class hatred in every form. Grave responsibility is incurred by every one who seeks to turn these forces to personal profit, or who gives cause for these sermons of denunciation. Yet even were just cause wholly lacking, the danger would not be absent, the possibility of evil would hardly be less.

In the present contest, the forces of denunciation are directed against trusts, corporations and all forms of combined effort and resource. Yet we have seen that the formation of such combinations is eminently necessary and right; that they are one of the greatest factors in modern progress, one of the greatest discoveries of modern times, and, further, that they are simply a new application of the older forces that built up nations and national life. These combinations are indiscriminately denounced as "the

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trusts that rob the People," though in sober truth the great fortunes made through the trusts are due primarily to the immense economic advantage of the principle of combination, which eliminates internal friction, and not to robbery of the people at all. We have all profited largely by the vast economies thus made possible, and we are destined to profit even more largely, as the principle of control further supplements the principle of combination. For, as we have seen, it is absolutely possible to fix prices equitably and justly by law, so that both parties to the bargain shall be fairly treated. This has been done in the case of railways in England, and of land rents in Ireland, to mention only two typical cases; and it can be done in every field of human production. Yet we have that perpetual torrent of abuse, of condemnation, appealing to envy, hatred and class jealousy, and sowing the seeds of evil, which may presently spring up in a disastrous harvest.

We need, at the present time, fairness, moderation, justice. We need clear vision, evenly balanced judgment, the ability to see far, and rightly to estimate the gigantic and novel forces which are shaping the destiny of our country, and influencing the fate of the whole world. We emphatically do not need an increase in the forces of hatred, of malice, of discontent, of unjust and indiscriminate condemnation, directed against the new creative forces which, as yet, have only begun their mighty work.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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# OXFORD AND OTHER WORLD-UNIVERSITIES.

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY AND ADELBERT COLLEGE, CLEVELAND.

It has been said that French history could be written in epigrams. An interpretation of Oxford could be written not only in epigrams but also in paradoxes. Oxford is a University, and is ever to be so interpreted, but the College is the unit and the soul. It is a union of immortal youth and of immemorial age. It stands for the highest social classes of a nation in which social distinctions are cut wide and deep, but it is also the source and origin of the most popular movement in religion since the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. It is conservative, fighting for the retention of Greek as a compulsory study; but it is also alert, inquisitive, responsive to a degree to the day and the hour. It represents tolerance; but the typical Oxford man is supposed to be arrogant, cocky and remote. It has been and still is the buttress and support of the Church, but the late Bishop Creighton, most competent interpreter, said that it lacked "moral spring." Oxford is indeed a paradox, or rather a series of paradoxes.

Among these paradoxes is the fact that the worth of Oxford's education goes far to prove the worthlessness of the ordinary means of education, known as learning or knowledge. Oxford is the best illustration of the value of the remark not uncommon in American colleges, "Don't let your education interfere with your college life." Its methods go far to avoid the peril which the most famous of recent masters, Jowett, intimated in saying that "Education may be the grave of the mind." Oxford does use learning and knowledge in giving an education, although its primary atmosphere is not scholastic; but it uses also and far

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more the person. Its purpose is not so much to push out the boundaries of science as to form character. Its aim is rather human than humanistic. It seeks to be the mother of men. It aims not so much to teach as to develop. Teaching it uses as a means, and upon that it lays emphasis, but not emphasis at all so heavy as it puts upon the end of character itself.

In seeking this purpose Oxford uses scholarship, but scholarship more as a condition than as a cause. The cause is the man, the teacher, the tutor, the person, the friend. It adopts the homœopathic principle; it seeks to make men through men. The personal force is not the formal professor. The formal professor is in peril of being simply "ornamental," as an Oxford tutor said to me, although the peril is in many cases happily avoided. The personal force is the tutor; he comes into close intellectual grip and grapple with the students. He it is who embodies the essential of good teaching, declared in the remark, "He calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out."

The force which the University and the College thus use is not only the tutor, mature in character; but also the equal, the contemporary, the fellow student of the student himself. Student makes student, man man. The attrition of pebbles of equal size wears each into smoothness. The talk of the common room, the intimacies of breakfast and of luncheon, the pulling of oars in the same boat, constant and intimate association, represent forces and conditions which help to make men. The club of any good sort has value in terms of character.

In this mutual creativeness of manhood, criticism is a constantly used tool. The Englishman is a hard hitter. He both gives and receives good blows. He respects a worthy antagonist; he despises a weak one. What we in America would call rather hard criticism appears, for instance, in the Oxford Magazine regarding the debates of the Union Society. I copy these comments from several numbers of that review: "—— has a confidence in himself which is remarkable; we wish that we could have put an equal confidence in all his arguments." "—— gave us a lecture when we wanted a debate." "—— needs to unlearn his fatal fluency, if he is to become a really good speaker." "—— is at present overburdened with confidence. With a little more humility he should make a good speaker." "When the bell rang he remarked that he had better sit down. Perhaps he

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was right. He wants more experience." "—— should remember, however, that the Debating Hall is small in size, and that the voice need not be raised so loud as it has to be when addressing five thousand Irishmen." "—— was perhaps lacking in maiden modesty. He should simulate a little bashfulness and drop a tendency to pulpit methods." These remarks, however, are not to be taken too seriously, and, furthermore, they were accompanied by remarks quite as complimentary respecting other speakers. The criticisms, moreover, are on the whole a part of the critical mood and attitude of Oxford. The talk of the common room is critical of men as well as of movements. The advice which Jowett gave to Matthew Arnold when he was beginning his service as Professor of Poetry, "Teach us not to criticise but to admire," has not received general adoption.

In this personal development is seen an instance of the application of the elective system of studies. The elective system I now use, not in the sense in which it is used in the American college, of a choice between different studies, but rather in the sense of a choice between studying and not studying. The advice which a private tutor gave in "Punch" to a pupil whom he was fitting for the University, "Work well with me for six months, and I promise you a long three years' holiday when you go up to Oxford," is supported by altogether too much evidence. Some men read at Oxford and read hard; many certainly do not. In the year 1860, Walter Bagehot, writing of Gladstone, said that the education given at Oxford acts as a "narcotic rather than as a stimulant"; but the remark was made almost half a century ago, and in that period Oxford has certainly awakened, at least somewhat, from its "sacred torpidity." The Oxford of to-day is not the Oxford of Froude, yet what Herbert Paul says of Froude would be true of many men to-day: "He lived with the idle set in college; riding, boating and playing tennis, frequenting wines and suppers. From vicious excess his intellect and temperament preserved him. Deep down in his nature there was a strong Puritan element, to which his senses were subdued. Nevertheless, for two years he lived at Oxford in contented idleness, saying with Isaiah, and more literally than the prophet, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die.'"* A son of Merton published some few years ago a magazine paper, which

* Paul's Life of Froude, pp. 20, 21.

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received much comment, entitled "Lazy Oxford"; but it would also be fair to substitute "reading" for "lazy," for not a few men are laborious.

But such indolence is not so disintegrating or dissipating to power as is sometimes believed. For it is often a "waiting" and a consequent "growing," to which Robert Browning refers. It is an "inviting of the soul," of which Walt Whitman writes. For loafing may be an intellectual fallowness, a preparation for efficiency, or it may be animal laziness. Oxford loafing is on the whole pretty effective; for it helps a man to find himself. To many a thoughtful mind it means what the reverent reading of Plato means — a quiet self-reflection, reverent curiosity, a rich and fine contentment with the universe.

The finding oneself—the noblest result of education or of any experience—represents, both as cause and consequence, individuality. The English people is more individualistic than any other; and its oldest University is a microcosm of such development. At a Harvard celebration some years ago, James Russell Lowell and Francis Bowen were seated on the platform. Professor Bowen, as his students easily and happily recall, was specially sensitive to draughts. In the midst of the dignified proceedings, Professor Bowen drew out his red handkerchief and spread it over his bald head. The effect was at least diverting. Mr. Lowell said to a neighbor: "Universities exist to make that possible and natural." Oxford exists to train individualities, and trained them it has. They are now, if not less numerous, at least less conspicuous than in the time of Dean Burgon; but they can still be seen in Brasenose Lane and High Street. The whole atmosphere promotes self-development to the highest degrees.

This development of individuality goes along with a broad sense of toleration. This toleration applies to all subjects, social, political, academic, intellectual. Each man recognizes the right of every other to think as he pleases to think, to vote as he prefers to vote, and to act as he wishes to act. This right he is inclined to interpret in a large way. The political liberty which England early won has found its way into all forms of interpretation and of service.

Regarding the morals of Oxford men it would be easy, perhaps too easy, to write. The morals of the College men in the United States have vastly improved in the last generation. Sins

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of appetite are far less common than they used to be. In the making of this improvement, be it said, athletics have greatly helped. There is some reason to believe that Oxford has not had the advantage of a similar improvement. Upon such a point I should not trust myself to write. I even should not be inclined to give full credence to the denunciations which the vigorous Bishop of London a few months ago hurled against the University, but it may be fair and just for me to quote from the Oxford Magazine (of March 15th, 1905), in which an editorial note declares: "It seems undeniable that young men in residence at the Universities get drunk far more frequently and violently than those who, on leaving school, live either at home or in lodgings in London or some other town. . . . The evil has increased in the last half-century. . . . A 'wine' is a comparatively rare occurrence and is commonly called a 'drunk.' No one can deny the appropriateness of the name. . . . At present, public opinion condones and even approves in Oxford conduct for which a man would be immediately expelled from a London Club."

Yet, when one has said all, it is to be affirmed, and with emphasis, that there is at Oxford a very great and vital interest in education. There never was a time when, in both England and the United States, there existed so vital and wide-spread regard for education as the most comprehensive and progressive force in modern civilization. There is at Oxford a feeling of discontent regarding herself, her methods, her forces, her conditions. A spirit of inquiry regarding University and College administration prevails. Conservative as she is, conscious of the last enchantment of the Middle Ages as resting upon her, she yet knows that she is not living for the sixteenth century. Improvements are slowly effected, but they are effected. Reforms are like repairs to her buildings—not usually made except as a condition of preserving the essential good of the old. Yet reforms are made, and standing "at the cross-roads," to use Percy Gardiner's phrase, she is taking that road which leads towards the East more frequently than any other. Matthew Arnold's "voices" are still heard; but the voice of the future calls with notes as strong as Carlyle's and as sweet as Emerson's.

Oxford is a University representing the English system of what in the New World is called the Higher Education. But at once comparison is invited with the other University on the banks

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of the Cam. Oxford and Cambridge are so alike and also so unlike! The ordinary remark, more common in America than in England, that "Cambridge is the mother of great men and Oxford of great movements" is only half a truth. Oxford is, indeed, the mother of great movements, the Wesleyan, the Tractarian, the Social; but is Oxford not also the mother of great men? A larger share of the eminent men of England, as they appear in a biographical dictionary, have been educated at Oxford than at Cambridge. Each, however, has its proper share. To the ordinary beholder they,—the two Universities,—are so alike: the same architecture over which time and nature cast infinite enchantments, the same sequestered and satisfying quadrangles, the same gray spires and towers lifting themselves against a gray sky, the same "happy barbarians" at play; but, when one penetrates a bit beneath the surface, great differences are revealed. Oxford says that Cambridge is democratic, and uses the epithet with perhaps a certain sense of depreciation, but Cambridge accepts it as a compliment. Cambridge says that Oxford is ineffective, and also employs the epithet with an accent of depreciation, but Oxford accepts it with a smile and a shrug, and on the whole interprets the remark as a compliment. What is the use of being effective? Is not beauty sufficient unto itself? Oxford, too, hugs the Greek Grammar with a firmness a bit firmer than does Cambridge; and Cambridge points with modest pride to the Cavendish Laboratory, the most significant place of scientific research in Britain and some would say in the world. Be it also added, to these differences, that the Oxford Colleges are governed more by their heads, who are called by various names, Rector, Provost, President, and the Cambridge more by their Fellows.

In the recent years have sprung up in the Midlands several Universities,—Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield and Liverpool. In some cases they are enlargements of local and non-degree-conferring institutions, the University of Birmingham, for instance, being the enlargement of Mason College. The relation between them and Oxford is of a contrast yet deeper than that which emerges between Oxford and Cambridge. In a way which, perhaps, is not wholly fair, an Oxford journal has referred to the differences between the ancient foundations and the recent institutions. Oxford and Cambridge, it says, have

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been called expensive clubs, Manchester and Birmingham cheap restaurants. The food at each is good. The difference is not one of content of education, but of class. Oxford and Cambridge are supported by those who are devoted to amusement; Manchester and Birmingham by those to whom life is efficiency. These distinctions do contain a truth, but they are not absolutely truthful. Oxford and Cambridge are not supported by those who are wholly devoted to amusement, and the element of a liberal education which some of the Midland Universities represent should receive greater emphasis in an interpretation. Yet of no one of the newer schools could the beholder say, as a son of Oxford has said of Oxford, "Kindly mother, dear and delightful, with a charm beyond all praise, greatly beautiful, and rather foolish." For they are technical schools; and what some would call "nonsense" is excluded.

As between the German University and Oxford the note of contrast is still to be continued. The primary purpose of the German university is to learn and to declare the truth; the primary purpose of Oxford is to train men. One might add that a tertiary—not even a secondary—purpose of the German is the training of men; and also, by a parity of interpretation, the tertiary purpose of the Oxford system is the discovery and exposition of truth. The head of one of the oldest and most famous colleges of Oxford has told me of the revelation and satisfaction which were his, on going to a German University, after taking a degree at Oxford, to find a professor lecturing with the single purpose of making a subject known in all relations to his hearers, without any regard to a forthcoming examination or to the effect of that examination on a man's future career. After the close confinement of a great course at Oxford, he found the freedom of inquiry for the truth, and for truth alone, a mighty relief. Indeed, the constant contrast between the scholastic method and purpose of Berlin and of Munich and the human purpose and method of Oxford is hardly less marked than the contrast between the conventual and monastic life of a College quad on the Isis and the Cherwell and the free metropolitan life of the students of Munich, of Leipsic and of Berlin.

There is also a further difference between Oxford, standing for the University education of England, and the German University. The philosophical and scientific interests of the Con-

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tinental nation have been committed to the University. The corresponding interests of the island nation have been committed to the individual investigator. Spencer, Darwin, John Stuart Mill, the son as well as his father, represent great scholastic achievements made outside of University walls. The same condition obtained, too, in the earlier time. The name of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Ricardo do not suggest academic cloister. The result has been that German philosophy has been characterized as being systematic and English philosophy as being individualistic. The one represents a continuous orderliness of development, moving on like a river; the other, as embodying the personal equation of each student and thinker, philosophic or scientific.

As one approaches the discussion of the relation of Oxford to the great Universities of America — Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Yale and Columbia—one finds that the element of contrast passes over in part to one of likeness, but only in part. The American University and College are ordained to train men; but that is not their single primary purpose. Their primary purpose is a double one: both to train men and to find truth. The Harvard shield bears the word "*Veritas*" written across the pages of an open book; but it also intimates a human purpose in the further inscription of devotion to the Church and to Christ.

There is, however, one point of contrast, which, though in one sense narrow, yet possesses much significance. Oxford has no special chair devoted to the training of students in the art of English composition. For thirty years and more, the American College has been emphasizing this department and form of instruction. The Oxford system presupposes that the writing of English is an art and a science in which it is a duty of every instructor to give tuition. The department is not a department. It does not represent segregations. It must be confessed that the results of the two systems seem to favor the Oxford interpretation and method. One comprehensive deficiency of the American system is found in the lack of a sense of style which most of the writing done by American students shows. The writing is, if clear, common; and, if forceful, as it usually is not, it is yet commonplace. The writing of Oxford men may be somewhat slovenly, but it has flavor, balance, picturesqueness, good taste, allusiveness. The writing, on the whole, of the better Oxford



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graduate is quite as much superior to the writing of the better American graduate as the editorials of the London "Times" are superior to the editorials of the abler American daily newspaper. The reason of the Oxford superiority lies, in my judgment, in two causes. First, there is the greater attention paid to securing good English in the study of every subject. The marks given in the examination paper upon any subject depend to no small extent upon the use of English. The Senior Fellow in an Oxford College said to me, in speaking of a certain examination paper, that he could not give it a good mark because the man did not understand English. The second reason lies in the dominance of the classical tradition. A professor of English at Harvard, Barrett Wendell, says the best method of teaching men to write good English is to write Latin verses. Another professor of English at Harvard College has said that a good method of training in writing good English prose is to write any kind of English verse. It is certainly true that a knowledge of Latin and Greek has made, or helped to make, English literature. It still contains such possibilities!

In comparisons of Oxford and the American University it is often asserted that the Oxford system of different Colleges could be transplanted into the large institutions like Harvard and Yale. I may be suffered to say at once that, in my judgment, any such transplanting is inexpedient and essentially impossible. There are various reasons for such a judgment. First, the Oxford system is a growth. It is a growth in and out of English soil. It is a part of English life. It is a delicate and highly developed plant. To cause it to grow and to flourish in other academic soil would be as hard as to make the Scotch heather grow in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. But this reason has small value in comparison with the consideration, secondly, that the Oxford system is very expensive in money. It represents duplication of laboratories, chapels, libraries, and scientific apparatus, although be it said that Cambridge, as a University, is giving instruction in the sciences. It also represents duplication of offices and officers. Oxford has more than a score of College presidents for about three thousand students. The system takes small account of economical efficiency or of efficient economies. One cause, indeed, why Oxford is receiving so little money from the wealthy men of England is the lack of economy or of efficiency

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in its organic methods and governments. A third reason against the possibility of carrying the Oxford system over the seas lies in the fact that the worth of the system arises, in part at least, from the presence of a class of students and of tutors who are willing to wait for conditions of culture to work their way in a human character rather as conditions than as efficient causes. What Matthew Arnold would call the charm of social intercourse or good society represents a condition necessary for the proper working of the Oxford system. The College system represents men living together in intimate relationships. For such a system to have special worth there must obtain a certain tone, or atmosphere, which it is difficult to secure in any society; but which it is less difficult to secure in a staid and conservative society of fine traditions than in a new and changing community.

But there *is* an element of the Oxford system, and an element far more important than the College methods just referred to, which can be introduced into our American Colleges. It is the whole essential element in the tutorial system. The tutorial system represents Oxford more adequately than anything else. The tutorial system, let me say in passing, though good, very good for the students, is equally bad for the tutor. No man in Oxford is more faithful, more laborious, more conscientious, than the tutor; but, in his faithfulness and laboriousness, he is in peril either of killing himself in body or of producing mental atrophy. To teach five hours a day, year after year, to teach as one should teach, giving oneself as well as one's knowledge, is liable to result in mental disintegration, destruction or death or other damnable things. From such catastrophes tutors are saved only by frequent or long vacations. For them it is necessary that one-half of the calendar year should be a College vacation.

The great worth of the essential part of the tutorial system consists of two elements: first, the individual impartation of knowledge, and, second, the impression of personal character and the conveying of personal influence. The teaching is given to men in very small groups. Such teaching allows closeness of relationship between the teacher and the student. Such relationship represents the giving and receiving of knowledge in best form, and the giving and receiving also of personal influence unto highest relationships. These primary and fundamental elements of the Oxford system can be introduced into the large

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American Colleges. The simple and single fact is that the number of teachers in the large College of the United States should be vastly increased, or the large College should cease to be large. "More teachers, smaller classes," should be made our College cry. Such teaching under such conditions would give us the best and the essential part of Oxford; and such teaching it is possible to introduce into the Colleges of America.

It is thus that there may be increased in our Colleges that supreme and signal quality which Oxford represents,—the quality of reverence. To the development of this quality much of Oxford ministers: the immemorial past, the quiet restfulness of noble architecture, the humanized landscapes; but this quality is also nurtured, and more, through wise and great souls bearing themselves in fitting intellectual sympathies, and of the heart, too, unto other souls less mature. Such is the Oxford method. Such a method would help to make the American College, and so American life, full of the dignities, the gentle reasonableness and sympathetic interpretativeness which constitute the comprehensive intellectual and moral virtue of reverence.

Oxford is the best England raised to the highest power. It represents the conservativeness, the thoroughness and the solidity of English life, character, institutions. In the shocks which our civilization is sure of meeting in the course of the forthcoming centuries, those qualities and elements which centre in and radiate forth from Oxford can be rested back upon as forces which shall help to maintain civilization in a state of stable equilibrium. Such solidity is of far greater worth than the loveliness and reposefulness which are so manifest to the ordinary observer.

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# NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY PAUL HARBOE, H. ADDINGTON BRUCE, EDITH BAKER BROWN AND ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

## GEORG BRANDES'S REMINISCENCES.*

THE personal record of the early life of Scandinavia's foremost critic, now accessible in English, was first published in serial form in "*Det ny Aarhundrede*" ("The New Century"), a Danish fortnightly. Subsequently, about twelve months ago, it was issued from the press of the Gyldendal house at Copenhagen, Brandes's loyal publishers for a generation.

The author of "William Shakespeare," that unique attempt at literary portraiture, grew up in the light of a spirit infinitely curious, ardent, strong. In his composition there was likewise the quality of defiance, which time, as we have seen, never tempered but rather intensified. Fascinated, even in childhood, with love of knowledge, he found himself wrestling, almost at every hour, with some new riddle; and it is particularly characteristic of Georg Brandes, as we now know him, that the first great mystery he was to solve, to his own satisfaction, should be that of God.

The book before us possesses all the interest and value of a rare human document, crowded as it is with things that reflect the emotional, no less than the purely intellectual, life of the man whose destiny it was, while still in his twenties, to shake Denmark to the roots of her being. In that feat, accomplished on November the 3rd, 1871, and repeatedly thereafter, may be found the explanation of the famous critic's unpopularity in the land of his birth. For it was Brandes's ambition to be—more than a man of letters—a leader, the absolute head of a movement launched by himself and whose basic aim it was to alter the general point of

* "Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth." By Georg Brandes. New York: Duffield & Company.

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view of the entire nation. This stupendous purpose enjoyed but a short season of effective activity—a season, though, that saw the aureate dawn of Realism upon the Danish sky. But in their attempt to undermine the influence of the Church, or overthrow orthodox Christianity completely, the "leader" and his followers encountered disastrous failure. Practically all that now remains of what was dubbed "Brandesianism" thirty-three or thirty-four years ago is Georg Brandes himself—gray, furrowed, nearly sixty-five, yet as plastic and inflammable and determinable as of old.

It is impossible not to admire the courage, energy and independence of so extraordinary a nature. A mere boy, he fairly flew from discovery to discovery, from vision to vision, guided only by the sway of his own vibrative instincts. The world was such a gorgeous realm to visit, floating swiftly with the tides of life! The faster you moved the more you saw, the more clearly you heard, and the more intensely you felt! Note this altogether tangible manifestation of temperament in the five-year-old child:

"And at last I obtained permission [to go out into the town]. Happy, happy day! I flew off like an arrow. I could not possibly have walked. And I ran home again at full gallop. From that day forth I always ran when I had to go out alone. Yes, and I could not understand how grown-up people and other boys could walk. I tried a few steps to see, but impatience got the better of me and off I flew. It was fine fun to run till you positively felt the hurry you were in, because you hit your back with your heels at every step."

For the presence of the phenomenon we call "consciousness of powers," Brandes had not long to wait. Conclusions, sentiments, convictions—the fruit of passionate study and enthusiastic observation—were quick to mould in him a fixed attitude toward the prevailing state of things. That attitude was obviously one of protest. Two or three years prior to the date of his entering the University at Copenhagen (to which he was admitted when seventeen years of age), he could distinguish a personal goal, though this was yet "very indefinite," but "to the general effect that I intended to make myself strongly felt, and bring about great changes in the intellectual world."

These autobiographical accounts carry us up to the very threshold of Brandes's career. They tell with amazing frankness the story of his elaborate training for the event, the achievement that made him, instantly, so glaring a figure in Danish public life.

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For who had dared, before him, to attack the established institutions, the hallowed traditions, the exalted ideals of his country, with such almost vicious aggressiveness?

Few things were vital in Denmark in the sixties and early seventies. After the overwhelming defeat by Germany in the war of 1864, there came a period of impoverishing pusillanimity for the Danes. The poets sang songs of sorrow only, the thinkers steeped themselves deeper than ever in the stuff of the past, and he was a rare spirit who could hopefully face the future. Grundt, builder of a new sect, founder of the *Hojskole* system of education, teacher of Saga,—was at the brink of the grave. Dead were such efficient men as Sören Kierkegaard (the most luminous mind that ever waged war on ignorance and hypocrisy in the north) and Johan Ludvig Heiberg. Indeed, for half a decade the founts of inspiration seemed to have run dry. And, when the awakening finally occurred, its incessant question was: What will become of us?

Only a few months before Brandes's spectacular plunge, he makes this entry in his journal:

"What do we mean by *our national future*, which we talk so much about? We are in a false position regarding Germany, the centripetal force that draws the individual members of one nationality together, and which we in Denmark call '*Danishness*'; that which, further, draws nationalities of the same family together, and which in Denmark is called '*Scandinavianism*,' must logically lead to a sympathy for the merging of the entire race, a kind of *Gothogermanism*. . . . How characteristic it is of our poor little country that we always hear and read of it as 'one of the oldest kingdoms in the world.' That is just the pity of it. If we were only a young country! There is only one way by which we can rejuvenate ourselves. First to merge ourselves into a Scandinavia; then, when this is well done and well secured, to approach the Anglo-Saxon race to which we are akin. Moral: Become an Anglo-Saxon and study John Stuart Mill!"

Brandes has had to pay dearly for his agitative propensity. So violent was the indignation of his countrymen toward him in 1873, that he felt himself in the position of an outlaw, and made Berlin his home for the next five years. Even now, especially in the rural districts of Denmark, his name is hated and despised like no other. Renan was never treated with more contempt in France.

There is not a dull paragraph, not a single dry-as-dust element in this highly instructive autobiography, for which I earnestly

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wish many readers in this country. The fire of the author's restless, sentient nature glows upon almost every page. I do not recall having read anything so intelligently charming as the chapters entitled "Discovering the World" and "Boyhood's Years."

The making of a considerable, even a great, man,—what secret, after all, could be more "interesting" than that?

PAUL HARBOE.

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## "THE PURCHASE OF FLORIDA."*

HUBERT BRUCE FULLER'S monograph on the second step in the territorial expansion of the United States will, in all probability, arouse considerable interest among the historians by reason of its boldness and its breadth; but to the critic it is chiefly significant as illustrating to an extreme degree what are, perhaps, the two most distinctive tendencies in modern American historical writing. The first, which is deserving of warm praise, relates to point of view; the second, to treatment. Time was, and not so long ago, when there was reasonable ground for the complaint that American historians were wont to write as Americans first and as historians afterwards. To-day, on the contrary, it may safely be affirmed that, in respect to the fundamental requisite of freedom from the passions and prejudices of patriotism, the American historian compares favorably with the historian of any other nationality.

Indeed, in his earnest desire to deal fairly with all, he occasionally falls into the opposite error of doing something less than justice to his own country. This was the case, for example, with Captain Mahan's recent monumental study of the second war with Great Britain, and it is the case with Mr. Fuller's work, which assails generally entertained beliefs almost as harshly as did "Sea Power in its Relations to the War of 1812." His presentation of the events leading up to, and the circumstances attending, the purchase of Florida may be conveniently and sufficiently summarized in a few sentences. Noting how the seeds of future controversy were sown during the Revolution by the terms Spain demanded as the price of an American alliance, he definitely locates the origin of dispute in the boundary

* "The Purchase of Florida." By Hubert Bruce Fuller. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company.

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clauses of the Treaty of Paris. He then dwells on the clashes between the American and Spanish settlers along the southern and western boundaries, and on the efforts of Spain to disrupt the Republic, making it very evident that Spanish intriguing was doomed from the moment of the adoption of the Constitution. Now the scene shifts to Washington, Paris, and Madrid, an elaborate account being given of the negotiations which were consummated in the futile Treaty of 1795 and in the Louisiana Purchase, which is denounced as the cession of territory to which France had no title. Louisiana secured, the argument proceeds, a deliberate and systematic campaign was begun by the United States to compel Spain to part with the two Floridas, the campaign comprising the presenting of enormous and unwarranted bills for war-time damages, the advancing of an untenable claim to West Florida, the fomenting of insurrections in Spanish territory, the rendering material assistance as well as moral support to the South-American revolutionists, and the actual seizing and occupying of Spanish forts and towns. In a word, Mr. Fuller regards the Florida acquisition as the result of methods fully as unscrupulous and shameless as those which, later, brought about the despoiling of Mexico.

In this there can be little question that he goes too far. Conceding the illegality and indefensibility of much of the Florida policy of the American Government, it must be remembered that all the right was not on the side of Spain, and that the irritating attitude maintained by Spain during the years when the fate of the Republic was trembling in the balance, was largely responsible for the enduring animosity of, and the overt acts of hostility committed by, the men of the border. More than this, the Mexican affair differed from the Floridian in lacking the element of inevitability, which, argue as Mr. Fuller may, is plainly apparent even in his own pages. But, if we cannot accept his final conclusion, and if we must feel that his indictment is unduly severe, it is none the less true that his researches among the documents have brought to light many facts assisting to a better understanding of the specific problems under issue, and of early American diplomacy in general. For which reason his treatise will undoubtedly find a place in the working library of the historical student.

It will not make an equally successful appeal to the historical

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reader, laboring as it does under the burden of the second of the two tendencies mentioned above. This is the tendency to underestimate, even completely to ignore, the importance of style and narrative skill. Possibly, as Goldwin Smith has suggested, this is but the natural consequence of carrying to an extreme the passion for research. Possibly, at least in part, it is due to the circumstance that, as a rule, American historians are primarily teachers, rather than writers, of history. Whatever its cause, it is a fact to be reckoned with and deplored. No more than fiction may history hope to fulfil its mission unless it be cast in a form that will grip the interest and arouse the imagination. In the words of Hilaire Belloc, history is essentially the telling of a story, of a great story and of a true story. Appreciating this, and writing before the days when investigation was made a fetich, Parkman and Prescott and Fiske, to name only Americans, wrote in a vein that still holds a vast audience despite the criticisms of latter-day research—criticisms which, by the way, seldom reach the readers of this trio's works.

Of course, not every historian can be a Parkman, a Prescott or a Fiske, but every historian should be at least readable, and it is precisely this quality that is most lacking in the American historians of to-day, whose concern seems to be for detail, accuracy, and accumulation. There are a few exceptions, but exceedingly few, and Mr. Fuller, notwithstanding his manifest opportunity for a vivid, moving, dramatic narrative, is not among them. Consider the possibilities of his theme—the early conflicts and intrigues, with the Revolution as a background; the southern and western migration; the struggles with the Indians; the rage of the hardy pioneers at the closure of the Mississippi; the visionary empire-builders who labored to press on and wrest both Florida and Mexico from Spain; the plotters, Spanish and American, who conspired to sever the Union; the diplomats, seeking to turn to their advantage the troubles of America; the statesmen, trying to save the republic and make provision for the morrow; the dramatic consummation of the Louisiana Purchase; the plight of Spain at the mercy of Napoleon; the contest, diplomatic and military, over the ownership of West Florida; the occupation of, and operations in, both Floridas during the War of 1812; the filibustering expeditions to aid the revolutionists of South America; the romantic, if high-handed and murder-

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ous, career of Jackson in the Seminole War; the storm raised by his conduct; and, finally, the yielding of Spain to the inevitable, and her departure from the Peninsula that had seen so much torture and rapine and bloodshed since first Pedro Menéndez seized it for King Philip in the long-gone days of the sixteenth century.

Surely, here is material for a narrative that shall stir and fascinate, and still be true. But this narrative Mr. Fuller has not written. Instead, he has elected to give us a "state-paper" history, a monument, it is true, to tireless industry and painstaking analysis, but nevertheless a "state-paper" history, and as such destined to gain only a limited circle of readers.

H. Addington Bruce.

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### "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD."*

If "The Call of the Blood" is not a second "Garden of Allah," it is at least a story written along the same spiritual and artistic lines, and very naturally so; there is more than the popular success of "The Garden of Allah" to account for it. Never had an author come more conspicuously into his own than Mr. Hichens when he gave us that really wonderful rendering of the desert and the story of passion which dramatized the desert life. He began his writing career as the clever and sophisticated parodist of an ultra-decadent social type; to-day it is hard to think of him as the author of "The Green Carnation." To be sure, "The Garden of Allah" has all the modern's subtle intellectual and æsthetic sense; but it deals with an elemental experience and in the simplicity of spiritual mood which comes to the man who is mastered by the emotion of his subject. Evidently, the experience behind "The Garden of Allah" would serve the author again; one doubts whether he will soon escape from it as an artist. In the new story, he has deliberately pursued the same means to the same end. Although the scene is shifted from the Desert of Sahara to Sicily, the motive is still the call of the sun to natures restricted by the Northern civilization. There is the same effort to present the genius of a locality, to body it forth dramatically in the love-story. What was per-

* "The Call of the Blood." By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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haps even more inevitable, the heroines of the two stories have most obviously the same prototype, and their spiritual love-stories are essentially the same. That the childlike woman shall appeal to the intellectually mature man is one of the platitudes of life and fiction. It takes the more unconventional imagination to perceive a no less vital attraction between the spiritually self-conscious woman and the man of primitive and impulsive type. But it is this fact, buried deep in a woman's maternity, that has taken hold of Mr. Hichens's imagination. We are reminded, in passing, of Hawthorne's unerring genius in uniting Miriam and Donatello.

One has only to read the opening chapters of the present story to realize how intuitive is Mr. Hichens's grasp of motive. We have the heroine, Hermione, in the beginning of her mature womanhood, intensely alive and buoyant physically and mentally, without beauty, but with the personal attraction of her vivid sympathies to draw others to her; and we have her friend, Artois, the bond between them being their intellectual comradeship, and also the generous nature of the woman which feeds the heart in the man who is accustomed to suppress his heart in favor of his very critical intelligence. This friendship between a man and a woman, almost spiritually perfect and very tender, but without the element of physical passion, is described with the most delicate truth and is set over against the relation of Hermione and her lover, a relation also perfectly intelligible and entirely real. Maurice Delarey is far younger than Hermione, both in years and in mind—one might also say in temperament. He has beauty to attract Hermione's imaginative gift, but it is characteristic of Mr. Hichens that he does not stop here in setting forth the secret of his charm for the woman. "Delarey had a rare charm of manner whose source was a happy, but not foolishly shy, modesty, which made him eager to please, and convinced that in order to do so he must bestir himself and make an effort. But in this effort there was no labor. It was like the spirit of a willing horse, a fine racing pace of the nature that woke pleasure and admiration in those who watched it." A touch of nature later in the same scene tells Artois a good deal about Hermione's feeling for Delarey. Hermione is seated with the two men at table and becomes absorbed in an intellectual discussion with Artois, in which Delarey takes no part. Presently, Delarey

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touches her: "Hermione, your food, it is getting cold," he says gently; and Hermione responds with the "happy submission" of the woman. Nothing better proves how vital the author's conception of Delarey is than the way he later develops this character under a new environment, and yet makes us feel the same personality at work in the changeling of pagan Sicily. There is the deep unconsciousness in Delarey of the boy and the primitive man. We feel it underneath his simplicity and modesty in the first chapters. Later, it is the secret of his recklessness when the tide of passion rises. It is such hold upon essential motives that makes the truth of portraiture.

And yet it is precisely in his development of character that Mr. Hichens disappoints us in the course of the story. If his aim in "The Call of the Blood" is simply to dramatize the brilliant genius of Sicily, the beauty and physical rapture of that land of the sun, and the terror that underlies the simplicity of its pagan passions, he has done this with the skill of the accomplished artist, embodied it in a dramatic action, swift, complete, and absorbing. But one feels that the novelist has really proposed a different aim to himself in his opening chapters, one that centres more distinctly in character. There our interest is in a moral and personal situation. The question of jealousy is raised between Hermione and the two men, and Hermione confesses herself ignorant of jealousy and believes that even in love, if she should feel love withdrawn from her, her affection would die. Here we certainly have a right to feel that we have a clue to our author's intention. What will be the effect upon Hermione when she is confronted by her husband's infidelity, as these first chapters of the story plainly tell us will be the case? We can imagine. Both the maternity and faith of the woman have a conquering quality; but the story shirks the issue. The romantic episode of Delarey's death leaves Hermione ignorant of his infidelity; it also leaves the reader ignorant of all the forces in Delarey's soul. There are two men there—the pagan man, called to being by the pagan Sicilian sun, and also the spiritual man, hardly yet conscious, yet faithful at heart to Hermione. We are interested in the struggle between the two; but the story is cut short almost before it is begun. Again the relation between Artois and Maurice is most interesting to the student of character. That these two men, secretly jealous of each other,

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and temperamentally antagonistic, shall be brought near by the man's understanding of the man's temptation, is the situation proposed and almost neglected. Delarey's death completes the drama of action with a neat artistic effect, but it leaves our deepest interest in the problem of character suspended.

On the whole, we think that in "The Call of the Blood" Mr. Hichens's aim as a romancer and his aim as a novelist were at odds. He found in the genius of the desert all the spiritual elements essential to his personal drama, and "The Garden of Allah" is complete both as a story of description and as a spiritual history. But Sicily was not a large enough field for the human drama which he set himself to work out there; and personally we are sorry that the human story was of less importance to him than the *genius loci.*

Mr. Hichens has a distinct philosophy of life which we are eager to see him work out in other novels, as he has worked it out in "The Garden of Allah." It is based on a perception equally acute for the physical and spiritual facts of life, a perception to which he owes the emotional realism of his art. It is of course easy to say that the body is the material out of which the soul is wrought; this is the bottom fact of our modern consciousness. But to realize this imaginatively is harder. As to the things of the body, the Anglo-Saxon has an instinctive reserve, and no matter how quick his intellectual perception of the facts may be, he can hardly speak without shame of those motives which are the substratum of our consciousness. Mr. Hichens's distinction lies in the fact that, while the physical world is intensely real to his imagination, he feels the physical facts of life always in their proper place, significant for what they mean in the human world of personality. They are the mysterious origin of something that is both beyond them and which masters them in the world of our sympathies and of our faith. We somehow feel that both his mysticism and his morality have a deep place in nature.

EDITH BAKER BROWN.

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## "PUCK OF POOK'S HILL."*

THE best books in the world for children are the books that their elders can read. A very different opinion is held by many

* "Puck of Pook's Hill." By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham, A.R.W.S. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co.

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makers of *juvenilia*. They proceed on the hypothesis that certain entirely arbitrary rules must be observed in writing for the young; the story must be framed with absolute simplicity, the domestic affections must, in one way or another, be introduced, and the heroics must be of the sort to persuade the reader that he himself might, in the same circumstances, achieve the same flamboyant triumph. The young football hero is perhaps the representative type in this field of literature. He is unendurable to the mature mind, and I wonder sometimes if he does not weary the small boy. But no really human small boy ever wearied of Andersen or Grimm, who also have their charm for every really human grown-up. There is no age at which it ceases to be a joy to read "The Rose and the Ring." Thackeray brought to the making of that little piece of enchantment the same genius, the same art, that he brought to the making of "Esmond" or "Barry Lyndon." If "Puck of Pook's Hill" is a delightful book, both for young readers and for old ones, it is because it is unmistakably the work of the author of "The Man Who Was" or "My Lord the Elephant." Mr. Kipling is as much the artist on this occasion as he has ever been; he gives as freely of his best in these tales, calculated to enrapture the nursery, as he has given in stories meant for men and women. This is to say that he has done what he has always done when he has been in the vein; he has made the figures in this book interesting, he has made them live.

There is nothing cleverer about "Puck of Pook's Hill" than its blending of what, in the absence of a better word, one must call instruction with sheer beguilement. To preach in a book for children is to do, from the standpoint of art, the unforgivable thing. *Juvenilia* with a purpose would be monstrous. In the last few years Mr. Kipling has preached, in verse and in prose, to an appalling extent, and I confess that as I first turned the pages of his latest volume I feared, for a moment, that he was going to preach again. The book threatened to have a purpose. But as I went on I saw that if the purpose was in the air at all it was to be left to take care of itself. There is no more effort here to point a moral than you will find in any book that is written for its own sake. The lesson, if it is there, lies in the very substance of the work, in the heart of the theme. Mr. Kipling loves his Britain, and has something like reverence for

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the men who have made it. No doubt it would please him if English lads, reading his pages, came to love their country more, and to take a keener interest in its history. But he uses no urgings, realizing that he does not need to, realizing that all that is necessary to make his old England and his old Englishmen lovable and admirable is to let them speak for themselves. He recreates an ancient land, peoples it with human beings, and then, in a sense, stands aside. If he can foster patriotism so much the better, but the main point is to work the story-teller's spell.

The point is well illustrated in a passage, in one of these stories, which has already provoked some criticism. The hero of "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," which deals with Roman days in Britain, is explaining how he joined the army, and speaks as follows:

> "I went to my Father, and said I should like to enter the Dacian Horse (I had seen some at Aquæ Solis); but he said I had better begin service in a regular Legion from Rome. Now, like many of our youngsters, I was not too fond of anything Roman. The Roman-born officers and magistrates looked down on us British-born as though we were barbarians. I told my Father so.
>
> "'I know they do,' he said, 'but remember, after all, we are the people of the Old Stock, and our duty is to the Empire.'"

Separated from the context this suggests that Mr. Kipling is dragging into his romance the party cry which he has adopted in the politics of his own day. But it is important to note that the colloquy, in its proper place, is part and parcel of an old truth. It was natural for such men as Mr. Kipling brings into his story to talk as he makes them talk. It is his good fortune that they happen to feel as he himself feels to-day. In none of these tales are political ideas, or social ideas or any other ideas, incongruously interpolated. In each case the story is all of a piece, a vivid, essentially truthful picture.

Una and Dan, the two children to whom, through Puck's amiable offices, a vision of the past is granted, get their history as it were in the guise of experience. They set out to fish in the brook, and presently an old man in chain-mail comes riding toward them on a great gray horse. He tells them how he came over with William the Conqueror, and how he won his Manor. You might prove his case by the history books, but, as we listen

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with Una and Dan, we scarce think of history, the glamour of adventurous romance is strong upon the page. The scene shifts again and again, following the varied inspiration foretold in Puck's song, the set of verses prefixed to the volume, from which I must take the following:

"See you the dimpled track that runs,
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

"See you our little mill that clacks,
So busy by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

"See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke,
On the day that Harold died.

"See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred's ships came by.

"See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse?
O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house.

"And see you, after the rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall?
O that was a Legion's camping-place,
When Cæsar sailed from Gaul."

It seems an easy task for Mr. Kipling to invent some new tale through which to make this or that epoch real and sometimes even thrilling. Hard reading has no doubt helped him, but once he has made himself familiar with characteristic traits and manners amongst his early Britons, he puts the latter through their paces as though they were just creatures of his fancy, men ready to do anything that his inventive faculty could suggest. In "The Knights of the Joyous Venture" he sends two valiant men of great William's time off upon a strange emprise into



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far seas. In the next tale, "Old Men at Pevensey," the travellers, having returned with a store of gold, are entangled in the war-like politics of their day, and the treasure itself is by and by made the motive for still another fascinating narrative. In the story to which I have already alluded, "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," and two others called "On the Great Wall" and "The Winged Hats," we are taken back to the time of the Roman occupation and shown how the destiny of the land was an affair of the day's work — the work of grim fighting-men, very picturesque, sometimes stately, after an old Roman fashion, but, at bottom, men very like ourselves.

That is where Mr. Kipling makes sure of his reader. A wonder as of fairyland itself is always present, but so is a kind of human sympathy, the note that makes the most fantastic things credible and friendly. "Puck of Pook's Hill" is a book to which you make complete surrender, you lose yourself in the dim world it paints and are happy while you are lost. When, at last, the spell is broken, and you come back to every-day life, you bring with you a precious memory, and you feel, too, a peculiar gratitude for a special grace. Mr. Kipling has apparently passed through that political fever which for so long a time made him almost unreadable. His genius is restored to itself, and he writes as one would always have him write. For this reason alone I would rejoice in the new book. It is a brilliant performance, and it is a golden promise.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

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# WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *October, 1906.*

I REMEMBER some time ago venturing, in these communications, upon a fairly easy and obvious prophecy. It was to the effect that if, as many think, the future of English politics is to be divided between a party of Socialists and a party of non-Socialists, the first token of the coming change would be a rupture between the Liberals and their semi-independent allies, the Labor Party. The events of the last few weeks have not shown that forecast to have been wrong. On the contrary, they have converted what was a speculation into a fact. They have made it clear, even to the intelligence of the average newspaper reader, that Liberalism and Labor,—Liberalism as it now is and Labor under its present direction,—are political incompatibles. The rupture that was inevitable all along has now taken place. What its ultimate significance may be, whether it really portends a gradual realignment of all English parties, is a question that a mere month-to-month diarist like myself may safely leave to time to settle. At present, one can only say that such a realignment is ardently desired and worked for by the Socialists, who, for the time being, dominate the Independent Labor Party; that one of the first fruits of their activities in that direction was bound to be a collision with official Liberalism; and that such a collision has actually occurred. Beyond that, it would be unwise to go. It was inevitable that the advocates of Socialism should begin by creating a disturbance in the field of politics. But it does not follow that, because that disturbance has taken place, the vast social transformation to which they look forward is necessarily brought any the nearer. This is a slow-moving country. It will take many years, it may take many generations,

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to determine whether English Liberalism is to become imbued with a Socialistic bias. No one who knows the country can for a moment imagine that the English Liberals are going to be overrun as easily as the German Liberals have been overrun by Socialism. Thus the merely political, or rather the merely party, phase of the whole question is still a very long way from settlement. It is even too early to say that the Labor Party is destined, either as a whole or predominantly, to adopt the policy of the Socialists. It is even too early to say that the trades-unions must necessarily become Socialist organizations. Level-headed opinion will not, I think, at this moment venture beyond the bare assertion that the first outbreak of organized Socialism in English politics has had the natural result of leading to a split with the forces of Liberalism, and that the issue of the encounter does not seem likely to favor the Socialists.

Nevertheless, one can well understand the indignant irritation, not wholly free from alarm, with which the Liberals have watched the recent proceedings of Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends. Mr. Keir Hardie is the leader of the Independent Labor Party in the House of Commons. His followers number thirty, and he was chosen their leader by a majority of one. Most of them, it is perfectly safe to say, were elected to Parliament by the help of Liberal votes. As any one who has mixed in party politics will at once understand, that is a fact of capital importance. Another fact, equally pertinent and equally worth noting, is that the narrowness of the majority by which Mr. Hardie was elected to the leadership of the Independent Labor Party indicated a real difference of political opinion between himself and many of his supporters. As the man who had struggled almost single-handed through many dark years for the formation of a Labor Party, every member of which should be pledged to act independently of both Liberals and Conservatives, it would have seemed churlishly ungrateful to refuse to Mr. Keir Hardie the palpable reward of success. But there can be no question that Mr. Hardie's opinions are not at all points the opinions of his supporters. He represents the extreme section of his party. He is a convinced Socialist, and his followers, or many of them, are not. He has the aggressive and unaccommodating temperament that naturally belongs to a pioneer of Socialism in such a country as England, while the majority of his party, I believe, neither

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share his views nor approve his tactics. While he is proclaiming with ceaseless stridency that Labor and Liberalism are irreconcilable, and is doing all he can to indoctrinate Labor with Socialism, the general inclination of his party, in my judgment, is to cooperate with the Liberals whenever cooperation is possible, and to keep such Socialistic tendencies as they may be conscious of well in the background. In other words, had any one but Mr. Keir Hardie been the Labor leader, it is very probable that the series of clashes which I have to narrate would have been averted. And there is a third fact which has also to be borne in mind. The Independent Labor Party are not the only representatives of Labor in the House. Outside of their ranks is a body of members directly elected in the interests of the workers in special trades and occupations, miners, for instance, and railway servants. These men at present subscribe neither to the programme nor to the Parliamentary methods of the Independent Labor Party. The presence of these detached members, whose sympathies are nearly as much with Liberalism as with Labor, disqualifies Mr. Hardie, but does not, of course, prevent him from claiming to be the spokesman of Labor as a whole.

Meanwhile, the Liberal Government has done all it could, and more than a good many Liberals relished, to meet the wishes of Mr. Hardie and his party. This was particularly evident in the case of the Trade Disputes Bill, Clause IV of which grants complete immunity to the funds of trade-unions from actions of tort. Taking into account, therefore, that but for Liberal votes at the last election there would now be no Keir Hardie in the House at the head of a party of thirty members; that Mr. Hardie's Socialism does not represent the convictions even of his own immediate followers, and flagrantly misrepresents the convictions of other members who, though outside his organization, are just as fully entitled to speak for Labor as himself; and that the present Government has strained the loyalty of its most devoted followers in attempting to satisfy Labor demands,—taking all this into account, official Liberalism might well have thought that it had purchased security from the Independent Labor Party's open attack. That, however, is very far from being the case. At a recent by-election at Cockermouth, although both local Liberals and Liberal headquarters offered to support a local Labor man, the Independent Labor Party in-

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sisted on running a Socialist candidate of their own. The result was that a safe Liberal-Labor seat was handed over to a Tory. Mr. Winston Churchill at once gave strong expression to the bitterness of Liberal feelings. "I am bound to say," he declared, "that I do not think any great party would put up with the treatment they had been receiving at Cockermouth." He was followed in a day or two by the Master of Elibank, the able Scottish Liberal Whip, who roundly announced that he would do everything in his power to prevent Liberal seats in Scotland from being captured by the Socialists. Mr. Hardie was not backward in taking up the challenge. On September 17th, he said:

> "The Master of Elibank had proclaimed from the housetops the truth that the Labor party must necessarily be a Socialist party; that between Socialism and Liberalism there was a gulf fixed that could not be bridged; and that the struggle must go on between Labor and both Liberalism and Conservatism until the time came when there would be but two parties in the State, the Socialist and the anti-Socialist. That was their object; they had never disguised it."

Language so vigorous and direct is rarely heard in English politics and it had an immediate effect. There was a sudden awakening of Liberalism to the fact that the Socialism it had petted and kowtowed to was in truth its implacable enemy, and a wide disposition to agree with the Master of Elibank that it might be "necessary in the future for the Liberal Party to embark upon another crusade." The crusade was, indeed, formally opened at the autumn conference of the Scottish Liberal Association on October 5th. That conference resolved by 55 votes to 34 that it is "the primary duty of the Liberal Party to present strenuous opposition to all candidates who are not prepared to dissociate themselves from the Socialist party, the avowed object of which is the complete destruction of those principles of individual liberty for which Liberalism has always contended." The Master of Elibank, who was present at the meeting, declared that Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends "looked in certain respects suspiciously like a body of malignant wreckers"; and another Ministerial Whip, Mr. J. A. Pease, stated that since the opening of Parliament 579 votes had been recorded by the Independent Labor Party against the Government, "and they had kept away and abstained from giving 2,600 votes which they

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might have recorded for the Government." Speaking as a Liberal Whip, he was very sure that the Liberal Party intended to give the Socialists "very little quarter." Some of the Liberal journals have criticised the Whips for exceeding their functions in venturing upon such declarations of policy; but, whether the Master of Elibank and Mr. Pease spoke with or without the Prime Minister's authority, there can be no doubt they rightly interpreted the determination of the rank and file of Liberalism both in and out of the House of Commons.

Simultaneously with all this, the Socialists have been making a strong effort to capture such of the trade-unions as still stand apart from their organization. They have been helped in this attempt by the epidemic of strikes which, after and partly, no doubt, because of the rush of prosperity during the past year, seems now to be setting in. In South Wales, 28,000 coal-miners threaten to cease work at the end of the present month, not because they have any quarrel with the mine-owners, but in order to force non-unionists to join their organization, and also—this surely deserves to rank among the curiosities of industry—in order to compel members of the union who are behindhand in their subscriptions to pay up. At the same time, the Scotch coal-miners are demanding an increase of twelve-and-a-half per cent. on their wages, and 67,000 men may be affected. On October 1st, 6,000 boiler-makers employed in the Clyde shipyards struck work, the men asking for a five-per-cent. increase on piece-work rates and for a rise of thirty-seven cents a week on time rates. The strike, if persisted in, will probably be serious. The "black squad" is already out, and the "white squad"—that is, the shipwrights, carpenters, joiners, sawyers and so on—will be bound to follow their example from sheer lack of work. Moreover, the shipyards are the chief consumers of Scotch steel, and the steel-makers, in their turn, are the chief consumers of Scotch coal. A strike on the Clyde has, therefore, a devastating effect on allied industries; and there are those who think that Scotland may be on the eve of one of the greatest industrial struggles in her history. With the example of such a prospect to point to, and with the undoubted ferment that is at work in the mind of Labor to assist them, the Socialists have pursued sound tactics in making a special effort to attract the trade-unions to their side.

How far they have succeeded it is not easy to say. The annual

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conference of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was held a few days ago at Cardiff, and adopted two essentially contradictory resolutions. In the first place, it decided to amalgamate with the Independent Labor Party; and, in the second, it voted down a resolution directing Mr. Bell, the general secretary of the Society and the Labor M. P. for Derby, to join the Independent Labor Party and sign its constitution. This latter resolution might conceivably have passed, had it not been for Mr. Bell himself. He vehemently denounced it as Socialistic persecution of a man who refused to swallow Socialist doctrines. He went on to argue that between trade-unionism and Socialism there could be nothing but an instinctive and irreconcilable antagonism, and he warned his fellow unionists that they would find the power of their organization gone directly they submitted to the dictation of any political faction. Whether this will prove to be the view taken by trade-unions generally is, I conceive, more than doubtful. The Miners' Federation, which closed its annual conference on October 5th, spoke hardly anything but Socialism, and Socialism of the crudest character. Yet its members decided by 101,714 votes to 92,222 to abstain from joining the Independent Labor Party and to maintain their own representation in Parliament. These obviously are the confused and tentative happenings of an unsettled time, and it is difficult to assess how much the Socialists may have lost or gained by them. If they were never more actively belligerent than at this moment, they have never been met with more steadfast obstinacy. A long, stern battle is clearly beginning; and, though one feels, by instinct rather than through any process of reasoning, that the time is far off when the English people will abandon the individualistic social formation, one feels also that the Socialists from now onwards have to be counted as a force in English politics. Their activities during the past few weeks are, at any rate, an interesting prelude to what promises to be an interesting session. When Parliament reassembles on October 23, the eyes of the country will be upon the House of Lords, and speculation will be busy with the action their Lordships will take on the Education Bill and the Trade Disputes Bill. The Liberals may then find that a more or less intangible argument with Socialism will give place to the necessities of a hand-to-hand struggle with the Hereditary Chamber.

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ST. PETERSBURG, *October, 1906.*

"FURNISHED lodgings to let, but not to Russians," is the legend on some of the latest notices to be seen hanging up in the windows of cozy-looking houses in Geneva and Lausanne. It marks a change in European public opinion, a noteworthy change in the attitude of liberty-loving peoples towards the Russian revolutionary movement in its latest bomb-throwing phase. And the tone of a portion of the influential European press is also modified correspondingly. A few months ago, every Russian who took part in the struggle against the Autocracy was welcomed, encouraged, extolled in western Europe as though he were a Garibaldi or a Mazzini in embryo. But the "liberationist" methods, having since then been tried in other countries of Europe, failed to find favor in the public eye. The plot, for instance, to wreck a whole train between Coblenz and Treves, because of a Russian personage who was believed to be travelling on it; the attempt made by Russian revolutionists to derail a train in Belgium; the fabrication of bombs in Geneva; the raid undertaken by Finns on the Bank of Stockholm, and the murder of M. Muller at Interlaken by a Russian girl, whose remarks when she learned that she had killed the wrong man smacked of cynicism, have gone far to provoke something like a boycott of Russians abroad.

News from Russia, however circumstantial, should be received critically. For, even when such reports are literally true, the impression they make is often erroneous. Some of the foreigners who now visit the Russian capitals are surprised to find order so well maintained, while others are disappointed at the answer they receive from the hotel porters when they ask to be taken to "the place where the fighting is going on." Even provincial Russians are astonished at the high degree of security enjoyed by the inhabitants of the two capitals as compared with that of the population of other cities. In Warsaw, Odessa, Riga, Mitau, Baku, Tiflis, every man carries his life in his hand. And, as for landowners in the country, those who still reside on their estates are little short of heroes. They know not the day nor the hour chosen by the revolutionary bandits to maltreat, torture or kill them and theirs. Armed raids are sudden, swift, unprovoked. The raiders are mere lads, often truant schoolboys, but the revolvers they carry are genuine death-dealers. To an ac-

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quaintance of mine, a widowed lady, living in the heart of the country, one of these "flying columns" of the Revolution appeared one evening. The bandits were attired in sombre garments, their features hidden by black masks, their language was peremptory and laconic. "Hands up!" one of them shouted on catching sight of the lady of the house. She raised her hands and appealed to him with her eyes. In vain. "Out with all the money and valuables you possess. The organization lacks funds." She moved to her table, opened a drawer, took out four bank-notes and handed them to the leader of the gang. "Fifty rubles!" he exclaimed, with a snort. "Give us the rest and be quick about it; do it while I speak. If the revolvers once talk, their sentence cannot be recalled. So hurry up." "I have no more money," the lady mutters, half-dead with fear. "Bosh! Yesterday you received eight hundred." "Yes, but I paid them out last night, the receipts are here." "Show them." Then the black figure bent down over some stamped papers and remarked: "Well, you're in luck, and we're too late; that's all. And now give us your watch." "This watch is the only souvenir I possess of my poor husband, who is dead. I would redeem it from you if I had the money, but—" Sobs broke short the sentence. The men, more soft-hearted than the average revolutionary highwaymen, left her the watch, but took her rings, brooches and other valuables. How did they know that she had received eight hundred roubles the day before? By magic, answer the masses.

The superstitious, ignorant peasant trembles when the flying columns draw near. Not only he, but everybody else, is afraid to offend them, for they quickly resent every act of unfriendliness and their resentment takes the form of robbery, arson or murder. Like the highwaymen of olden times, their deeds are wrapped in a haze of embellishing legend which they are careful to keep up. The simple-minded husbandman, whose notions of the universe are more rudimentary than those of Homer's hearers or Rameses's subjects, is told that the revolutionists have herbs that enable them to see through walls and at long distances, that they possess glass balls which can set stones on fire and that they are endowed with such preternatural powers as the masses ascribe to wizards and witches. Yet it often happens that these legendary heroes are mere idle schoolboys out on strike. In one instance, the raw lads had not the wherewithal to buy revolvers, so

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they procured one rusty pistol and a few sardine-boxes, which played the part of bombs. Their cry of "hands up" was none the less promptly obeyed; for the every-day citizen is not given to quick, sharp observation. He takes things for granted.

Again in the south of Russia, the director of a great factory, a Belgian named Potiers, was driving home in the middle of the day. When his carriage was passing a lonely spot, a boy of fifteen ran up, threw a bomb which blew the hinder part of the vehicle into shreds, and wounded Potiers in the head, shoulder, side and abdomen. Then the young hopeful escaped. A mere boy of fifteen! "How could we hang the child?" an official remarked. "It's impossible." And that is why the elder ruffians are always setting on women and children to dabble in blood. The Grammar Schools and Universities having been closed, in consequence of strikes organized by the students and the schoolboys, the latter improve the shining hour by armed attacks upon people and institutions.

This element of the comic opera, however, sometimes terminates in tragedy. A curious instance took place in Shavli, a city in the province of Kovno, a couple of weeks ago. Three Grammar School boys agreed to get some pocket-money by means of an armed raid. They seem not to have realized that they were incurring any serious risks, so smoothly do such expeditions usually work. They felt about it, probably, as mediæval Christians used to feel about magic charms and formulas for evoking Satan, that if you rightly perform the ceremony and utter the traditional formula some higher Power will do the rest. The boys blithely entered a Government liquor-shop, each with his revolver levelled. Then the leader pronounced the magic words, "Hands up!" And up went all hands. "Your money or your life!" was the next order given. But, meanwhile, one of the hands which ought to have been up was perceived to be down and armed with a revolver from which several shots were fired. Two of the boys fell dead; the third told the story of the raid.

Murder by proxy, pillage by proxy, incendiarism by proxy are now making headway in Russia. Some of the most ferocious of the ruffians who slay and burn and torture in the Baltic Provinces have admitted that they were brought thither from other Provinces, and paid weekly about two and a half dollars a head. In Warsaw, according to a statement made by an ex-

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perienced administrator, the Social Democrats pay thirty copecks (about fifteen cents) a head for every policeman killed by a volunteer. In St. Petersburg itself a murder was quite recently committed in broad daylight by hired assassins, just as in mediæval Italy. The Government is powerless. No Government in any country could keep order if the bulk of the population were bent on violating it or sympathizing with the law-breakers.

And yet it is easy to exaggerate the extent of the troubles, the number of the crimes, the degree of insecurity. In the two capitals little is really changed, while outwardly almost everything seems normal. The theatres there are not only opened, but are well filled; other places of amusement are nightly frequented; crowds of people amuse themselves at all times; trade is brisk, industry is progressing, there are no strikes to speak of, and one might live in Moscow or St. Petersburg for months and not witness any firing or stabbing or fighting in the streets. Space in Russia is vast, beyond the average man's power of realization; and, when all the deeds of blood are spread over one-sixth of the terrestrial globe and divided among 140,000,000 people, the effect is not nearly so striking as it first seemed.

Moreover, there is an overwhelming proportion of the people in the country who never upheld the insurrection or indeed any other political movement, horny-handed toilers who live for work and hope for heaven. But they are inarticulate and, therefore, are not counted, although they assuredly count. Then there is another section of the population, a section still growing, which until recently sympathized with the revolution, but now looks up with hope to the Crown. They are sick of bloodshed and crime, are enervated by the chronic feeling of insecurity and are apprehensive for their work, their property and their lives. In a word, the reaction which invariably follows excessive action is in full swing. The political pendulum having spent its force in one direction is now moving in the other. At present, therefore, the Crown has a fair chance to recover lost ground, to appease angry feelings, to put down manifestations of criminal instincts, to reestablish order and set the machinery of government working smoothly again. But the Government, afraid of revolutionary public opinion, is confining its efforts to the punishment rather than to the repression of crime in the Baltic Provinces, the Caucasus and Poland. Its present scope is nar-

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rowed down almost to that. And, unfortunately, every task it takes in hand is tackled in the half-hearted manner which has always characterized the Russian bureaucracy.

Here is an instance. The old institution of the Censure is abolished, which was wont to peruse, examine and forbid or authorize every newspaper, book, pamphlet, leaflet and advertisement written or read by the entire Russian nation. Works can now appear in print which would have been treasonable a year ago. But, for foreign productions, the Censorship still exists. Formerly, the standing rule to the Censors was: "Be strict with writings in the Russian tongue, and indulgent when dealing with books in foreign languages." But now the practice is to allow nearly all the forbidden books to appear in Russian translations, but to proscribe French, German and English originals and reproductions. Why? a high official was recently asked. "Because," he answered, "there is an army of officials of the Censorship who would die of hunger if their places were taken from them. So they are kept on. But, being self-respecting people, they cannot come to the office and content themselves with smoking cigarettes, so they continue to do the work to which they were accustomed."

Doubtless the Government has done much to pacify the peasants who were clamoring for land, but has done it clumsily and to little political purpose. A large slice of the landed property belonging to the Imperial Family, for instance, and another vast section of land belonging to the Crown have been set apart to be expropriated and sold, on very easy terms, to the peasants whose farms are inadequate. The original idea of the Prime Minister, Stolypin, was to present all these millions of acres gratuitously to the peasants; but the Emperor's most trusted advisers dissuaded him from carrying it out because the measure would fail to strike the imagination of the masses; it would be a salient example of that expropriation which the Tsar had publicly rejected and it would oblige the loyal nobility to go and do likewise. Therefore the resolution was taken to sell the land very cheap and not to give it gratis. But the point is that the Government is adopting ways and means to realize the measure which are highly ineffectual, chief among which is the Peasants' Bank. This institution consists of a network of red tape and a number of "Circumlocution offices." It is not run on business lines, on

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philanthropic lines, nor yet on political lines, and the iron has so eaten into the souls of its clerical staff that it seems incapable of being reformed. For that reason, it seems very doubtful whether the agrarian question will be settled satisfactorily and whether the Tsar will reap the benefit of his generosity.

The other principal aim of the Government is to restore order. But here, again, Ministers are timid and half-hearted. Thus for a long time they shrank from the employment of force against force, because they feared revolutionary opinion in Russia and its echo in western Europe and in America. Now they have tardily had recourse to repression in some places, while they seem to brook lawlessness in others. The Premier whose conscientiousness, integrity and patriotism are acknowledged by friend and foe alike, reckons on his subordinates' sense of duty for the maintenance of order. But his subordinates are, for the most part, trimmers. They would fain run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. A most instructive instance of their methods occurred lately in Ekarterinoslav, where peaceful people went in fear and trembling for their property and their lives. A gang of revolutionary bandits were making raids, now on one house, now on another, abstracting money, scrip, jewelry and other valuables. At last the secret police were put upon their mettle and ordered to capture the gang at all costs. But in vain. The raids continued night and day as mysteriously as ever, and they would probably be still going on were it not for the discovery, made quite accidentally, that the secret police and the bandits were working together on the footing of chums.

And if duty is thus neglected, heroism which is indispensable to the salvation of Russia is almost unknown in the ranks of the Tsar's supporters. Almost, but not entirely. The obscure soldiers and police who daily, hourly, expose their lives to the bullets, daggers, bombs of assassins at street corners are genuine heroes. In Poland and in the Baltic Provinces, numbers of them are killed or mutilated every day. Here is a typical example which occurred on September 6th in the industrial city of Lodz, near the Prussian frontier. The hero, a policeman, named Konashevich, just off duty, wended his way homewards one evening to his wife, who kept a little shop. He was accompanied by two soldiers, Volkoff and Minnagaleyeff, and all three sauntered along light-heartedly. As Konashevich entered his shop, a

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stranger was seen, hurrying up to overtake him. It might be a customer, but Konashevich's wife told her husband that he was a revolutionist, a member of the fighting columns, and without losing time she darted to the door to shut it. But, before she had actually closed it a number of loud reports were heard simultaneously from three revolvers, Konashevich fell dead, while his wife and his two comrades were wounded.

Volkoff, the soldier, grievously hurt, was not beaten yet. Tightening his hold on his rifle, he crept slowly to the door and, on the threshold, was about to take aim when the revolutionists, descrying him, fired a volley and scattered his brains. Minnagaleyeff, wounded in the loins and feet, was lying outstretched on the floor during that exciting scene. When it was over, he managed to take his comrade's rifle into his safe-keeping and to remain motionless in the dark there, alone and in great pain, until the ambulance van came round and conveyed him to the hospital, where he now is.

If the intelligent supporters of the Tsar had but a little of the courage displayed by these ignorant soldiers who die unwept, unsung and generally unhonored, the cause of the Russian Monarchy would be in safe hands. For the Emperor himself has taken his stand definitely, resolutely and wisely, throwing in his lot with the Constitutionalists. And all his actions seem to be in keeping with this. Last April, for instance, General Trepoff, whose ascendancy over him was for a time unchallenged, endeavored to induce the Tsar to convoke a Zemsky Sobor, or Territorial Council, which would supplant the Duma altogether. But his efforts were vain; the Monarch was firm. On another occasion, Trepoff said to a reactionary friend of his: "The Tsar is now actuated solely by Liberal views. He is firmly determined to be true to the Liberal Platform. He has lost all faith in the Autocracy and regards that *régime* as obsolete." That is why he has recently turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, made by some members of the Cabinet, that certain modifications should be introduced into the electoral law.

But the peasants seldom even hear of these things, and never fully realize them. Nothing is done to bring home to them or to the nation at large the advantages of a reign of order and the calamities inseparable from anarchy. The revolutionists spread disaffection among them, while the Government looks on silent-

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ly, deprecatingly. Yet on the voice of the peasant the upshot of the next elections and the fate of monarchism depend. Unless something is promptly done to win their vote, the new Duma will not only be oppositional—for that would not constitute a misfortune—but it will be revolutionary as well. And then the new Constitution will be rudely shaken.

Meanwhile, the parties are all moving more and more towards radicalism. One of the most prominent politicians of the day, A. I. Goochkoff, having publicly endorsed the Government programme and approved the repressive measures adopted for the restoration of order, the central Committee of his party officially dissociated itself from him; although he is their President. They are now approaching the more liberal party of "Peaceful Regeneration," in the hope of amalgamating with them. The party of Peaceful Regeneration, in turn, is desirous of joining hands with the Constitutional Democrats, while, according to Prince Meshchersky,—who himself is an inveterate trimmer and an untrustworthy guide,—the Constitutional Democrats have a hankering after the Social Democrats. "The result is," adds the Prince, "a real tendency towards Revolutionism, combined with an oral disavowal of sympathy with terrorism. On the other hand, while all these moderate parties profess to be longing for order, yet they disapprove of the use of severe and energetic measures to restore it, fancying that the Government can suppress the revolution by feeble half-measures."

The friends of the Monarchy are consequently in despair. For they hold that now or never is the sowing-time for the cause which they have at heart. Unless the seed is scattered without delay, there will be no flowers or fruit in spring and summer. The iron is white-hot to-day and might be beaten into almost any shape; to-morrow it will be cold and unmalleable. But every ministerialist is hampered by scruples; nobody dares to strike a blow. Ministers and courtiers ask each other: "Does that measure dovetail with the letter of the law? What line will public opinion take?" As if speculative opinions mattered when the issue is one of life and death! As if the state of the country were not that of civil war! *Inter arma silent leges.* No proof is needed that the gods and the wise are always on the winning side. *Væ victis.*

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# THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *October 22.* Intuition the American Guide.

WE are an amusing people. Witness our treatment of men who have become popular idols, suddenly raised to the pinnacle only to be dropped overnight into comparative oblivion! Instances of this character, exhibiting apparent, though not, in our judgment, real, inconsistency are so recent and familiar that they need not be cited. The latest, however, affords occasion for curious and interesting speculation. A statesman who had achieved unique fame by serving twice as a great political party's candidate for the Presidency left his native land for a stay of many months in foreign countries in search of information and recreation, both of which we suspect he needed, and both of which we are quite certain he obtained. His departure was of so little importance as to be hardly noted in the public journals, but during his absence the whirligig of successive events made of him a colossal figure, and shortly before his return the apparently sagacious remark was ventured that only two living men could prevent his elevation to the Presidency, one being our present Chief Magistrate and the other himself.

The time of his return seemed altogether propitious and the welcome extended him was as impressive as any ever beheld in this land. Inspired by the seeming acceptance and endorsement of his theories of government, which previously had been scorned and repudiated, he saw an opportunity to blaze a new and yet more popular way in precise parallel with those paths originally indicated by himself which had at last apparently won general approval. He thereupon expressed the opinion in no strident way, but rather tentatively, that the time would come when it would be desirable for the Federal Government to take over, presumably by purchase, the great railway systems of the country and to operate



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them in the equitable interest of the whole people. It was not a revolutionary proposal. Nearly every other large nation has engaged more or less successfully in the same work and our own Government from the very beginning has directly managed the great and growing business of transmitting letters, newspapers, magazines and merchandise on the broadest and largest scale in the world. So far as one could perceive, moreover, the restive people seemed eager to welcome this explicit suggestion. With what amazement, then, must this statesman have beheld the instantaneous rejection, not merely of the proposal itself, but apparently of himself and all his works! His purpose upon returning home was to lead a mighty campaign to drive the present controlling influence in Congress from power. That he is even now more or less actively engaged in this undertaking we understand to be the fact, but his utterances have ceased to make so much as ripples upon the surface of public interest, and, indeed, are no longer printed and scarcely referred to in the public journals.

How is this abrupt reversal of the attitude of an entire people to be accounted for? If a fundamental principle or a cherished tradition had been threatened, the explanation would be easy and transparent. But, as we have pointed out, that was not the case. Nor theoretically is there anything alarming in so cautious a declaration. Our own predilections against radicalism in any form are strong and deep-seated, and yet we do not hesitate to express frank agreement with the proposition that such a time may be reached in the course of the development of the country. No moral law or traditional policy would be violated. Whether or not or at what political stage in our national career, if ever, the Government should assume the responsibility of general railway management is a simple question of business. That the day has not yet arrived is evident. Our greatest accumulator of material possessions through industrial endeavor, whose words of wisdom because of his very achievements often pass unheeded, spoke the simple truth when the other day he declared that as a people we must for many years continue to be builders rather than conservers. The enormous task of affording opportunities and providing homes for two or three hundred millions of population within our present borders has hardly begun. To make possible the utilization of millions of acres, at present only waste

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places, probably a hundred thousand miles of new railways must be constructed during the next fifty years. The bitter experience of our Government in opening the way to the Pacific Coast, no less than the marvellous progression of railway construction through private endeavor, conclusively proves that this can be accomplished best by individual enterprise and energy. To check a growth which will soon become a positive necessity would be obvious folly. There are other and many reasons equally practical and potent, though of less serious moment, why acquisition of the railways by the Government would at this time be unwise, but the definite and almost universal rejection of the idea renders their consideration unnecessary.

The interesting question we have in mind is, How did the people so speedily reach a decision? There was no shock, as we have said, from principle or policy, and there had been practically no discussion of the business aspects of the proposition. Even such a marshalling of facts as might have resulted in unfavorable conclusions from the view-point of logic and reason had not been attempted. What, then, is left as the influencing and determining element except keen intuition that such a project would be ill-advised and that its sponsor therefore must be an unsafe guide? On the whole, we are disposed to think that it is this quality, characteristic of femininity, that makes and unmakes our heroes and plays a large part in shaping our national destiny. If this be indeed the case, it is a comforting reflection that one would experience great difficulty in finding an instance of error in the instinctive perception of the American people.

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TUESDAY, *October 23.* For a New National Hymn.

WILL not some one kindly compose a new national hymn? We should dislike to lose "The Star-spangled Banner" chiefly because of its patriotic origin on board an American frigate during a British bombardment, and we love to recall such incidents as that in Castle Garden, when Daniel Webster, to the distress of his wife, and the delight of the audience, set the example of rising, which has since become common, and, by main strength and with mighty voice, joining in the chorus with Jenny Lind. But, after all, only the words are American, the atrocious music being that of "Anacreon in Heaven," composed by an Englishman. It is therefore distinctively national only in part,

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and after nearly a century of trying service might well be laid upon the shelf. A yet more efficient reason for seeking a substitute is found in the fact that the American people have been trying in vain for nearly a century to sing it. Despite the general cultivation of voices, the endeavor of an audience to-day to respond to the demand upon their patriotic spirit continues to be as pathetic as it has ever been desperate. Even our loyal navy takes "America" in place of "The Star-spangled Banner" at evening colors. From time to time the suggestion is made that this substitution be generally made, but here again objection arises from the fact that only the words of "America," too, are American. On British ocean steamships a prior right is tacitly accorded to the British, and "God Save the King" is sung. While we persist in adherence to "The Star-spangled Banner," it is fitting that this recognition should be extended to our British cousins, although as a matter of fact their claim upon the air for a national hymn is no stronger than ours and materially weaker than that of others. It was composed by the Frenchman Lully in the seventeenth century, was adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel and promptly taken over by Switzerland for "Rufst du, mein Vaterland" although the Hanoverians never abandoned it, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," not "Die Wacht am Rhein," being to this day the national hymn of Germany. Consequently, the eve-song of British, Swiss, German and American soldiers about to go into battle would consist of the same music and a jumble of words by Carey, Harries, Rev. Samuel F. Smith and whoever wrote the Swiss words. For double-quick marching "Yankee Doodle" continues to be satisfactory and "Hail, Columbia" is not without merit; but "America" is of too common use among the nations and "The Star-spangled Banner" too throat-rending; so again we ask, Will not some one kindly present us with a new distinctively American national hymn?

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WEDNESDAY, *October 24.* **Of Obstinacy in Conversation.**

WE seem to perceive, especially among women, a growing disposition to regard intellectual obstinacy as a valuable adjunct of conversation and to exercise it accordingly. The method is simple. One merely makes a practice of emphatically denying the assertion or deduction of any other, thereby enforcing immediate elucidation, of whose necessity there has been no antici-

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pation and for which preparation is naturally lacking. It is a convenient and, if unexpected, an effective way of shifting the burden of proof in such a manner as to profit shrewdness at the expense of wisdom. The resultant irritation, familiar to all who have and express opinions of their own, we frankly admit not only to have felt ourselves but to have noted with inward glee in others. This fact alone sufficing to stamp the process as being unworthy as it is obviously unintellectual, the tendency, if our premise be correct, merits consideration.

Judgments respecting the value of mere disputation or, as we prefer to term it, mental obstinacy, differ widely. Plato entirely prohibited the exercise to "weak" or "ill-descended" minds, and Montaigne—after declaring that "we only learn to dispute that we may contradict; and, every one contradicting and being contradicted, it falls out that the fruit of disputation is to lose and nullify truth"—tacitly assents when he demands "To what end do you go about to inquire of him who knows nothing to purpose?" This, however, savors not only of rare petulance, but even of the sly inconsistency of Mark Twain's recent dictum in this REVIEW that he admires criticism—if it is his way; because in no other place did the great French philosopher waver from his positive declaration that "contradictions do neither offend nor alter, but only rouse and exercise me." Recognizing a presumptive truth in the elder Cato's observation that "the wise may learn more from the fools than the fools from the wise," he professes to admire "stout expressions amongst gallant men," irrespective of the merit of the utterances or the intellectual quality of those speaking; he values only "the friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigor of its communication, as love, in biting and scratching; it is not vigorous and generous enough if it be not quarrelsome, if civilized and artificial, if it treads nicely and fears a shock."

Such are the brave words of the great man, but, alas! they ring as untrue as his accounts of amours, which lived only in his imagination, and are completely confuted by his subsequent naïve assertion: "When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention, not my anger; I advance towards him that controverts me, as to one that instructs me; the cause of truth ought to be the common cause of both; what will he answer?" Sincerity flies out of the window; policy enters the door. Less qualified yielding to the

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detestable Socratic method of setting traps for the unwary could not be imagined. Even our own canny Franklin was more ingenuous when, gleefully recounting his discovery of the art in Xenophon's Memorabilia, he wrote:

"I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropt my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it. Therefore, I took a delight in it, practised it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

"I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words 'certainly,' 'undoubtedly,' or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I 'conceive' or 'apprehend' a thing to be so and so; 'it appears to me,' or 'I should think' it so and so, for such and such reasons; or I 'imagine' it to be so; or it is so, 'if I am not mistaken.'

"This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting."

The cross-questioning of Socrates, the silly pretence of Montaigne and the crafty caution of Franklin, as combined in the method of those who display what we have termed obstinacy in their conversation, suffice to try the patience of a saint; and yet we cannot deny that the extreme contrary is equally unworthy and obnoxious. We are driven, therefore, to inquire whether there may not be a complete divergence from both which would have the seeming of a happy medium? If, for example, one be neither hatefully disputatious for effect nor hypocritically humble from policy, but frank, natural and wholly honest in both word and mind, is there not a reasonable probability that the impression made upon others would be as agreeable as they have a right to expect?

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THURSDAY, *October 25.* **The Helpfulness of Fishing.**

ABILITY to cast a fly has so long been recognized as the chief requisite of a true fisherman that those who profess to be sports-

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men are prone to shrug their shoulders at mention of one who merely angles; and yet the great Izaak himself, whose rambling dialogue, "sweetening the temper of any man who reads it," has become a classic, was so ignorant of the more delicate art that a friend was called to make discourse thereon in the "compleat" book. We are probably justified, then, in assuming that there are two sides of the argument, the decision depending chiefly upon the purpose held in view. To one seeking active sport the lithe rod and shrewdly selected imitation of a familiar insect are essential, but to the philosopher seeking opportunity for reflection, the troll, the bob or the amiable worm meets every necessity.

One of our most exemplary citizens, chiefly distinguished from having twice served as Chief Magistrate of the Nation, uses the bob sturdily and skilfully, yet withal so considerately as to have achieved no small measure of popularity beneath the surface of the waters. It is this method of fishing that affords the widest range for meditation, and we are pleased to observe that some of the thoughts that have come to him in the intervals of waiting he has seen fit to set down for publication in a book, the reading of which is a delight, especially if one permit one's imagination to depict the conditions attendant upon specific reflections. For example: "Fishing stories are always to be believed" brings before the mental vision the inevitable doubter of the sad truth that "the biggest fish are always lost"; a clear conscience ensuing from stern resistance of temptation clearly appears in "It is better to go home with nothing killed than to feel the weight of a mean, unsportsmanlike act"; unconscious disapprobation of certain political methods may be suspected from "The unstrenuous, philosophical fishing fraternity does more good for humanity than the strenuous people"; and, finally, a plea for leisure as a cure for present evils is plainly manifest in "There can be no doubt that the promise of industrial business, of contented labor and of healthful moderation in the pursuit of wealth, in this democratic country of ours, would be infinitely improved if a larger share of the time which has been devoted to the concoctions of trusts and business combinations had been spent in fishing." Here speaks the statesman as well as the philosopher, the man of experience and affairs no less than the calm, dispassionate observer of current tendencies.

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It is well, indeed, as Doctor Prime would say, to go a-fishing when one may catch such helpful thoughts, but better far and vastly more profitable to the jaded mind and worn conscience is the inestimable privilege of renewing acquaintance with one's self amid the singing of the birds and the sighing of the trees. Such, in considering the true need of the American man, we suspect to have been the feeling, though unexpressed, of our worthy sage.

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FRIDAY, *October 26.* "In Times of Peace."

WE had better make up our minds now than later that our friends the Japanese will become more and more pestiferous as the years roll by. That is an inevitable consequence of the condition incited by Great Britain for political purposes and sustained by those of ourselves who justly entertain a feeling of antipathy against Russia. That the present Government of Japan is sane and sober is manifest, but there seems every reason to believe that its restraint is wholly diplomatic and in no sense representative of the temper of the people. This is but natural. History bears no record of a speedy and unexpected communal triumph failing to induce self-confidence, sensitive notions of dignity and lust of recognition and even at times of authority. Alexander and Cæsar only personified the demands of those who had made their victories possible, and they would have been as helpless in cautious resistance to these demands as Napoleon himself would have been, had his temperament been such as to withstand the frenzy of France for replacement among the aristocracies of Europe. So in Japan to-day the rulers must reckon with a people becoming daily more restive in resentment of evidences of the indisposition of civilized nations to recognize in them specific rights, which they believe and firmly insist that they won by proven skill in warfare with a great Power.

In view of these circumstances it is not surprising to hear reports of an "Anti-American" outburst in Japan. Its immediate cause is of comparatively little importance, natural jealousy and desire to demonstrate even greater capacity quite sufficing to account for it; and yet it is interesting to note the shrewdness with which the most vulnerable spot in our national armor is selected for attack. We know and of course everybody else knows that, while receiving hordes of unwelcome beings from Europe, we

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have been extremely chary of admitting those seeking entrance through our Western ports, and long ago, to serve the personal political ambition of a perennial candidate for the Presidency, we placed an embargo upon the Chinese. California in such matters was the dominant factor then and necessarily from geographical position is now. To her residents, therefore, accustomed as they have been for these many years to treat representatives of the "yellow peril" in their own sweet way, it was only casually incidental recently to enact that thereafter all children of Oriental descent should be excluded from public schools and compelled to study in places especially designated for them. The Chinese and Coreans meekly submitted as usual, but the Japanese official representative, after making an ineffectual protest, notified his people at home to such purpose that, despite the resistance of the Government, newspapers and assemblages have indulged in denunciation so vigorous that, according to a trustworthy correspondent, "a prompt repudiation of the anti-Japanese sentiment by the United States at large is necessary to avert a crisis here that would result in the destruction of the historic friendly political, financial and commercial relations between the two nations."

Whether or not this description of the state of mind in Japan is exaggerated, we can readily perceive a possible seriousness in the situation because of the underlying causes noted. The Japanese Government, of course, knows that neither the President nor the Congress nor the Supreme Court, nor all three combined, can make effective regulations of the public schools of San Francisco; the Japanese people, however, not only do not know that, but, we suspect, do not wish to be informed and in any case would not believe it. They occupy the position of a well-equipped pugilist seeking anything rather than trouble, but not averse to insult demanding as an expression of resentment a demonstration of strength and skill. The wise and pacific Japanese Government is probably strong enough to withstand the present stress, but it is only a question of time, to our mind, when pretexts for strife will become irresistible and it is for this particular reason, overshadowing all others combined bearing upon relationship with European Powers, that we feel the necessity of maintaining a masterful navy, not quite as a safeguard, but rather as insurance against possible incendiarism. So long as ten years ago the present

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Tsar wrote to Prince Hohenlohe expressing his admiration of and liking for the Japanese; "but," almost pathetically as now appears, he added, "this sympathy has not kept me from acting against them when they have gone too far." Despite the apparently keen perception of possibilities implied in this absurdly complacent declaration, when the crisis came Russia was impotent from lack of preparation, and the results she experienced are not wisely to be ignored by even our own altogether peaceable though somewhat resourceful nation.

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SATURDAY, *October 27.* **Long Live Elijah Pogram!**

HOWEVER exasperating in the eyes of others we Americans have been, and continue to be perhaps in some respects, none will gainsay our exceptional contribution to the gayety of nations. If, for example, we had never cultivated the habit of bragging, how serious would have been the deprivation of our English cousins! It is with peculiar gratification, therefore, that we are enabled to note signs of a revival of what was beginning to seem to be a flagging interest in our traditional idiosyncrasies. Somewhat sadly, yet not without avidity, the discerning representative in this country of the "National Review" records his discovery that the eagle, so far from having completely lost his voice, is still a screamer. He finds his evidence in a recent political utterance of the most enthusiastic statesman of the Middle West, who, rising to the full requirements of oratory in urging the necessity of electing a certain candidate for the Congress, delivered himself of this eloquent and stirring peroration:

"The glorious American people, torch-bearers of Liberty; this American Republic, hope of the world; this American land, so nobly placed, so rich in all that ministers to human use and happiness; that people will not be corrupted by their prosperity, because their prosperity will be honest and pure; that Republic will not decay, because its Government will be kept close to that people; that land will not be spoiled and rifled by crazed efforts for hasty wealth, but made richer by intelligent industry and care. Development, not exploitation; progress, not decadence; while even brighter shines the light of the true freedom that men call 'equity before the law,' onward and upward, carried by the American millions as they press forward in the strength and joy of righteous living, passing by the gods of gold and leaving behind them the false worship of the broken idols of the market-place—a market cleansed, set in order and regenerated. So shall American civilization be made immortal and American institutions a blessing to mankind!"

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To English ears, writes our solemn critic, this sounds ridiculous. "It is gasconade so absurd that one fails to understand how a prominent public man should be guilty of anything so childish, but the newspapers do not regard it as extraordinary, and I am sure the audience—and I speak with a long experience of American audiences—sat there spellbound, drinking in every word, thrilling in every emotion, believing all that they heard, and glorying in the thought that they were the chosen people." We dare say the audience chuckled; we are quite sure that we should if we had been there; and why not? Our national institutions are so few and our Elijah Pograms have become so rare since an inconsiderate Speaker effectually discouraged oratorical exhibitions in the House of Representatives that such a gush of pent-up emotion is more than welcome. Back go our memories to the happy days when the great General Choke was accustomed to speak to the visitor from a benighted monarchy such fervid words as these:

"You air, now, sir, a denizen of the most powerful and highly civilized do-minion that has ever graced the world; a do-minion, sir, where man is bound to man in one vast bond of equal love and truth. May you, sir, be worthy of your a-dopted country!"

Surely no true man could wish to expunge these noble sentiments from the fair pages of our glorious history or fail to rejoice in their occasional recrudescence. As we have already hinted, what cheer could we bestow upon our ancestral cousins if we should perfect the unhappy resemblance now partially existing? The oddity, also traditionally characteristic, lies in the inability of our self-contained relatives to perceive that one may derive genuine amusement from the exuberance of one's own verbosity. Unlike them, we have not yet acquired the remarkable capacity of always taking ourselves seriously.

Let us seize this opportunity to be frank and disabuse their minds! We should not like to have the admission repeated to the Latins or, above all, the Germans; but the fact, for family consumption, only, is that some of the assertions of our present-day Elijah are not quite true. We are a "glorious people," of course, and "torch-bearers of liberty" and the "hope" or prey of that portion of other communities considered undesirable at home; our land, too, is, if not "nobly," at least comfortably,

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"placed" in comparative isolation and is really sufficiently fertile for all immediate necessities. We would not, however, insist very earnestly, except for purposes of oratory, that exploitation has yielded entirely to development, and we have given utterance to rather strong suspicions of late that the light of true freedom guaranteeing all men "equality before the law" is blazing somewhat less brightly than it might burn with propriety and usefulness. Nor are we absolutely certain that we have passed all of the gods of gold or broken the last of the idols of the market-place, but the shattering process is well under way, and we are truly looking forward to a renewed experience at no distant day of the "joy of righteous living." Meanwhile, we beseech our ancestral relatives to be patient with us; we are young and crude, not hardened yet, as others are, even in sin—and we do love to hear ourselves talk because thereby, without irritating others unduly, we amuse ourselves at our own cheerful expense.

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MONDAY, *October 29.* **For Woman Suffrage.**

IT was natural to expect, but is none the less gratifying to record, that the first and most earnest response to our proposal that the time has arrived when the interests of the country can be best conserved by conferring upon women the right to vote comes from our chief Western city. The "Chicago Evening Post" says plainly:

> "The REVIEW takes a distinctly sane view of woman suffrage. Woman is fully equipped now to exercise the same political rights as man. Her exercise of these rights is essential to the welfare of the nation. She can vote with as much judgment and intelligence, and with much more moral responsibility, than man. Therefore, let her vote. She would fill public office as efficiently as man fills it; therefore, let her have the office.
>
> "The country needs the vote of our women, it needs the morality of our women exercised in places of public trust. Give her the ballot, if she wishes to cast it; give her the office if she can win it."

The "Chicago Record-Herald" notes with satisfaction "A New Forward Impulse," and urges, as a matter of policy, that pleas be directed to women themselves in the hope of dispelling their apparent indifference. These are American newspapers of the highest type, and the value of their espousal of any worthy cause is inestimable. To others who advance the time-worn argu-

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ment that women would not exercise such a privilege, it suffices to say that hundreds of thousands of citizens now qualified to vote seldom exercise their prerogative, but may be depended upon invariably in an emergency, such, for example, as now confronts the people of New York. Equal reliance, we firmly believe, might safely be placed upon women. In any case, assertion to the contrary is wholly speculative, in view of the fact that the condition has never arisen and the opportunity has never been accorded. The further objection, based upon a suspicion that universal suffrage would threaten the family relationship, we consider a mediæval notion, and no more sound than a theory that sons should not be permitted to vote lest they might not follow the lead of their fathers. These are days of enlightenment, independent action and individual responsibility, not of subjection of any portion of the human race morally and intellectually capable of exercising authority for the common good.

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TUESDAY, *October 30.* The Japanese in California.

THE opinion expressed positively by Macaulay, and echoed tentatively by other critical observers, that our written Constitution may eventually become an intolerable restriction and tend to our political undoing has never won very serious attention in this country; and yet the difficulties and embarrassments arising from its application to our rapidly widening relationships and responsibilities are so numerous already that reflection designed to effectuate a remedy is surely imperative. As a nation, no less than as a people, we unquestionably desire the firm establishment and the utmost possible extension of the principle of arbitration; but we are practically prevented by our fundamental law from assenting to most excellent proposals, such, for example, as will be presented to the Hague Conference.

We strongly dissent from the judgment expressed by a distinguished lawyer in this REVIEW to the effect that the United States is "morally responsible" for debts incurred and subsequently repudiated by individual States on the ground that such liabilities "were contracted by governments organized and sustained by the direct action of Congress," because we hold the reverse to be the fact, namely, that the Congress itself is but the creature of the thirteen original sovereign bodies and can exercise no authority beyond that recognized by the Supreme Court

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as having been conferred upon it. Surely the Nation cannot be considered to have guaranteed in either a legal or a moral sense debts which it was known to have had no part in making, for the mere reason that they were contracted by political communities within its borders. Grant even that States exist by authority of the Federal Government; so do cities and townships and, for that matter, railway and industrial corporations, all of which have sold numberless bonds recognized by the purchaser as resting solely upon the mortgaged properties. We are unable to appreciate the risk, which our contributor considers to be involved, in agreeing to be bound by awards of the Hague Tribunal respecting public contracts, especially since the article providing therefor would surely take into account the sharp distinction between authorized National and unauthorized local obligations; consequently, we perceive no necessity for the application of the ingenious, though we suspect illegal, remedy which he suggests.

The pertinence, however, of his reference to the case of the Italians killed in New Orleans, as an illustration of our awkward inefficiency in dealing with other Powers, is obvious. The subterfuge to which the Federal Government was forced to resort, in that instance, to avert international difficulties, was not only humiliating to us, but unsatisfying to the complainants and wholly indeterminate as a precedent. Hence the present difficulty of the Administration in removing the causes of the dissatisfaction of the Japanese over the exclusion of their children from the public schools of California. The broader and more portentous aspects of this disagreeable situation we have already indicated; but the technical considerations cannot, in fairness, be ignored.

Japan and the United States are pledged by treaty to make no discrimination against their respective citizens in favor of those of other nations. Let us suppose that the American traders now transacting business in Nagasaki be subjected by the local governing body to a severe tax, from which their German competitors are exempted, that they make complaint to Washington, that our State Department remonstrate with the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs and receive a reply to the effect that authority to make such regulations rests exclusively in the prefecture of Kiushiu and that, consequently, His Majesty's Government is helpless. The parallel with the condition existing in California would be precise. True, the Emperor might and

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doubtless would pledge his best endeavors to convince the honorable council of Kiushiu of the error of its ways, just as our President has promised to try to influence the constituted authorities of California and has given evidence of good faith by sending a Cabinet Minister, hat in hand, to beg the San Francisco Board of Education to kindly relieve the Federal Administration of embarrassment; but would the answer be altogether satisfying to our merchants or people generally?

Doubtless in this instance, as once before, our Supreme Court would hold that the treaty is the supreme law of the land and might even issue an order forbidding the San Francisco Board to violate its provisions, but if the Board should be obdurate there is no known way of enforcing such a decree. Altogether, the situation is curiously perplexing, and it would be ludicrous, but for a very real apprehension that, in the event of a failure of the President's appeal to public sentiment, it might become serious.

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WEDNESDAY, *October 31.* On the Eve of Election.

WE now see no reason to doubt that the Hearst force will experience a crushing defeat at the polls on Tuesday, November 6th. The canvass made by the radical candidate has been characterized by both shrewdness and audacity. Charges of inconsistency and insincerity made and substantiated by his antagonist he has calmly and cynically ignored, and has gradually narrowed his own claim to preferment to the assertion, probably correct, that large holders of property are arrayed solidly against him. To excite the masses against the classes has become in the latter days of the campaign his sole endeavor. How successful he has been will appear on the morning of November 7th. If his hopes should meet with the annihilation we anticipate, the result will be due to the recent arousal and conscientious action of conservative Democrats. No Republican campaign in years has been characterized by so great a measure of stupidity, beginning with unwise selections of Chairman and Treasurer of the State Committee, and ending we cannot tell where so long as opportunity to blunder remains. The original insistence that the issue was purely local was futile, depriving the Republican candidate until the very last of the efficient aid of such strong and respected statesmen as our two really great Cabinet Ministers. True, no questions of national party policy are involved, but the

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Hearst force, as an issue, is distinctly national. It had its origin in California, is rampant in Illinois, has raised its head in the elections this autumn in Massachusetts, and loudly proclaims its intention of invading every section of the Union where unscrupulous journalism can be made efficacious. The real question to be decided next Tuesday is less whether the candidate of the force shall become Governor of New York, than whether the people of the Empire State shall set their seal of approval upon his aspirations to the Presidency. There was no question of this fact from the beginning, it was stated authoritatively and positively by the chief advocate of the force in this REVIEW. That the point should have been kept clearly before the public mind as the strongest that could be urged against the candidacy was plainly evident, and yet it has been practically ignored even by the Republican candidate himself, who in other respects has made an admirable and telling canvass. Nevertheless, the signs of the growth of a stern determination to preserve the State from disgrace seem unmistakable, and we would not be surprised to see the malign influence repudiated by a majority exceeding one hundred thousand.

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## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the coming year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

LUCIEN HUGH ALEXANDER

is one of the prominent younger members of the Philadelphia bar. He received his education at the University of Pennsylvania and Harvard, and also studied in Germany. When in college he was a well-known athlete, playing on the football teams of both Pennsylvania and Harvard, captaining that of the former, as well as its 'Varsity crew. Since his admission to the bar he has been active in his profession, and for three years he served as Secretary of the Board on Admissions to the Philadelphia Bar. He suggested the Memorial of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, which resulted in the establishment of the State Board of Law Examiners, and was a member and the Secretary of the Committee presenting the memorial to the Supreme Court. He is a member of the council for Pennsylvania of the American Bar Association, and is one of the committee of Pennsylvania citizens in charge of the approaching removal from North Carolina to Philadelphia of the remains of Pennsylvania's great Jurist, Justice James Wilson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who died in 1798.

SIR HENRY COTTON, K. C. S. I.,

has spent the greater part of his life in the Indian Civil Service. Having qualified for that service, he proceeded to Bengal in 1867. Between that time and the date of his retirement in 1902, he occupied the following positions: Under-Secretary to Government of Bengal, in 1873; Registrar of High Court, 1874; Junior Secretary to Government, 1875-77; Magistrate and Collector of Chittagong, 1878-80; Acting Commissioner of Chittagong, 1879 and 1884; Secretary to

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the Board of Revenue, 1880-86; Commissioner of Police and Chairman of Calcutta Corporation, 1887; Secretary to the Government of Bengal, Revenue Department, 1888; Financial Department, 1889-91; Chief-Secretary to Government, 1891-96; Acting Home Secretary to Government of India, 1896; Chief Commissioner of Assam, 1896-1902.

EDWARD PORRITT

is a native of Bury in Lancashire, England. For several years he was connected with a number of English papers. In 1884, he came to the United States and joined the staff of the "St. Louis Globe Democrat." Returning to England, he was employed for some time as a parliamentary reporter. He now resides in the United States as correspondent for important British newspapers. He writes besides for a large range of American periodicals. In 1893, he published "The Englishman at Home," an account of English government and institutions. In 1901, he finished "The History of the Unreformed House of Commons," which was published in two volumes by the University Press of Cambridge.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

was born in Spencer, Indiana, in 1869, and graduated from Harvard University in 1893. For a number of years he was an instructor in English literature and composition at the University of Chicago, but recently he has devoted himself exclusively to letters. Among his published works are "The Masque of Judgment," "The Fire Bringer" and a "History of English Literature." "The Great Divide," a drama of Mr. Moody's, is now being produced in New York by Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin, and many critics believe it to be the most vital play from an American pen seen in many years.

KARL BLIND,

who has for many years been an honored contributor to the REVIEW, was born at Mannheim, Germany, in 1826. He studied at Heidelberg and Bonn. He was prominent as a leader in the revolution of 1848-49, and fought, as a member of a Provisional Government, at the battle of Staufen. Made a prisoner through the treachery of a guide, he was saved from death by court-martial, through a flaw in the proclamation of martial law. By a new revolution, in which the army of Baden took part, he was freed, the people breaking open the prison. He was then appointed diplomatic

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envoy at Paris by the new Democratic Government. At Paris, after the rising of Ledru-Rollin, he was arrested in violation of the law of nations. In 1852, he took refuge in England, where he has been in friendly contact with the exiled leaders of Italy, France, Poland, Hungary and other countries.

DR. JOSIAH STRONG

was born at Naperville, Illinois, in 1847, and graduated from Western Reserve University in 1869. He has been an active Congregational minister in various parts of the country, and from 1886-98 he was Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States. Since 1902, he has been President of the American Institute of Social Service. Among his published works are "Our Country," "The Twentieth Century City," "Religious Movements for Social Betterment," "The Times and Young Men" and "The Next Great Awakening."

WILLIAM O. INGLIS,

a native of Brooklyn, is a well-known New York journalist. Of the past twenty years he has served five on the staff of the New York "Herald" and fifteen on the "World." Among his more important assignments as a special correspondent were the Johnstown Flood and the Homestead strike, which he reported for the "World." He is also an authority on athletics and outdoor sports. Recently he joined the staff of "Harper's Weekly," for which he acted as special correspondent during the insurrection in Cuba, of whose affairs he made a careful study.

ASAAD KALARJI KARAM

was born at Mount Lebanon, Syria, in 1865. He was educated at the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut and graduated in 1883. For the past fifteen years, Mr. Karam has been engaged in commerce in Morocco. He possesses a thorough knowledge of the social and political conditions of the people, and has been, for many years, a correspondent of various Egyptian journals.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

was born at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and graduated from Smith College in 1894. She was literary editor of the Worcester Spy, 1894-5, and a member of the staff of the New York "World" from 1895-1902. She has contributed to the "Century," "Harper's," "The Critic" and other

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magazines, and recently has been on the editorial staff of "Everybody's Magazine."

FREDERICK TABER COOPER,

the literary editor of the New York "Globe," was educated at Harvard and Columbia Universities. He has held assistant instructorships and assistant professorships in Columbia and New York Universities. In collaboration with Arthur Bartlett Maurice, he wrote the "History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature."

CLAYTON HAMILTON

is a graduate of Columbia University. From 1901 to 1904 he was Tutor in English at that institution, giving a course also at Barnard College. Since 1904 he has lectured extensively on literary topics, and has contributed essays, sketches and stories to the magazines. He was mainly responsible for the English version of Jacob Gordin's Yiddish play, "The Kreutzer Sonata," which Blanche Walsh is now playing under the management of Wagenhals and Kemper; and last year, in collaboration with Miss Grace Isabel Colbron, he produced a play, "The Love that Blinds," which Mary Shaw acted under the management of the Shuberts.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

was born in Chicago. She is the daughter of a Unitarian minister, and was educated in France, Germany and England. Later, she studied for two years at the Conservatory of Leipzig, and for two years in Birmingham, England. She has lived in Virginia since 1887, and has been a contributor to "East and West," "The Chap-Book," "The Century," "The Outlook," "Poet-Lore," "The Times-Democrat" of New Orleans, "The Boston Transcript" and "The Evening Post" of New York. For several years, she has been a reader and adviser of one of the leading publishing houses, and has regularly contributed editorials to "Harper's Weekly."

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